

The Manualian



369491

WITHDRAWN
The State Medical Society
of Colorado

University of Denver

To the Students of the Manual Training High School, GREETING:

The University of Denver will naturally become more and more the University for young people in and near Denver. Why should any student in or near Denver go away from home to study? No College can offer more thoro work than we are giving at University Park. The instruction you are offered at home is as good in quality as the best instruction you are offered away from home. Then remember that we offer every day ten times more courses of study than any student can possibly take. A Student who can leave home in the morning and enjoy the discipline of college life during the day, returning home in the evening, has the best possible opportunity to develop intellectual and moral power. Moral health is of more consequence than intellectual acuteness in the race of life. Do not forget that. Catalog and bulletins can be had for the asking. Summer School from June 20th to July 29th. Registration days for the opening of the fall quarter, September 5th and 6th.

Very sincerely,

HENRY A. BUCHTEL, Chancellor.

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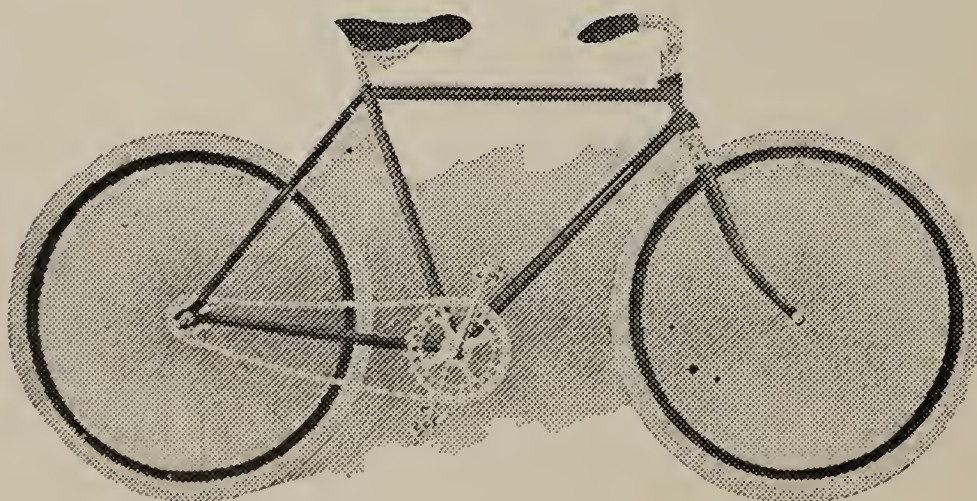
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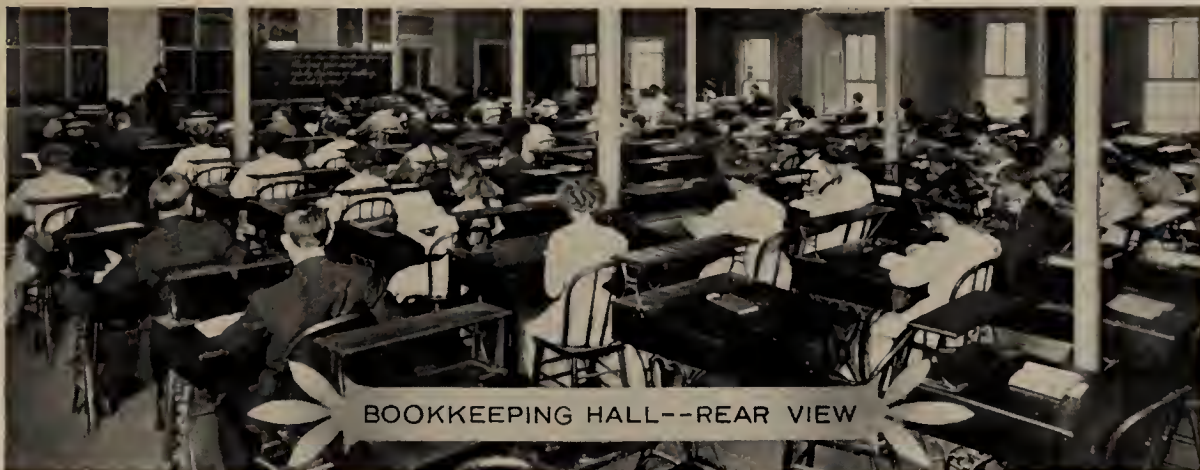
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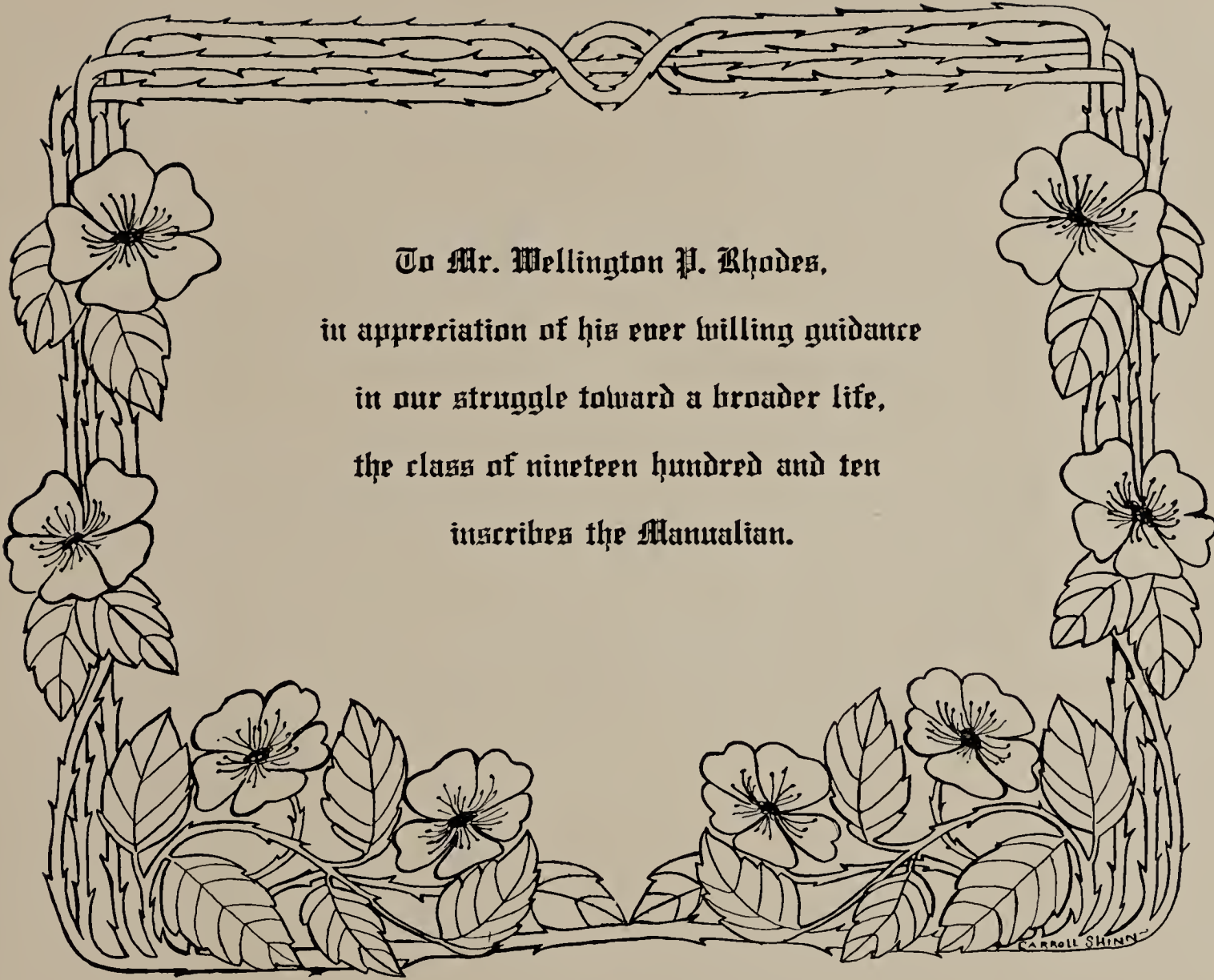
The Manualian

We, the graduating class of 1910, in order to make the yearly publication of Manual Training High School separate and distinct from the publications of the other Denver High Schools, have taken the liberty of calling it the "Manualian" instead of merely "Annual."

This then is the first Manualian. We are somewhat timorous in presenting it to our critics, for we know it has many faults. But man, High School man especially, is defective, so in order to make it true to life we had to put in a few mistakes. Upon seeing an error kindly remember that it was made on purpose, smile in a superior manner, and pass on.



—Photo by Barney.



To Mr. Wellington H. Rhodes,
in appreciation of his ever willing guidance
in our struggle toward a broader life,
the class of nineteen hundred and ten
inscribes the Manualian.



MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL.



Autographs



CAROL HENRY



- FACULTY -



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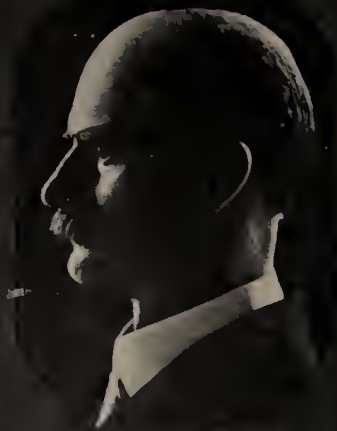
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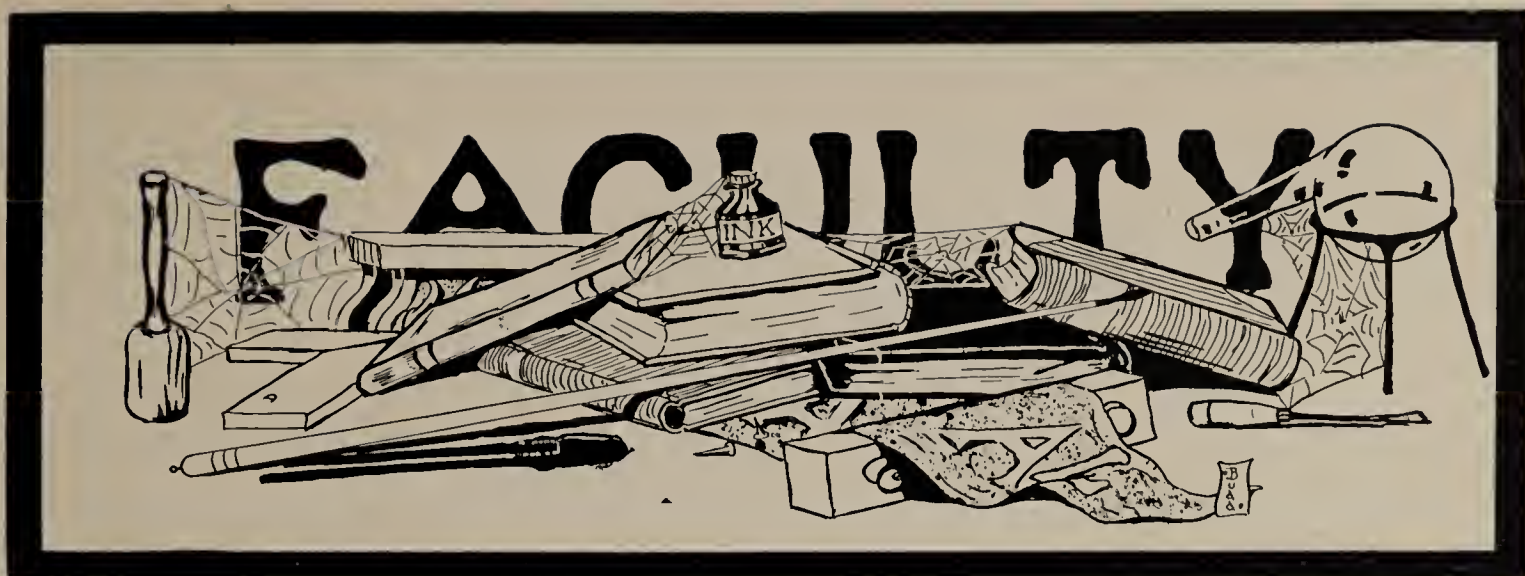
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The Ideal Teacher and the Ideal Pupil

Contributions were received from students stating just what they considered an ideal teacher. Some at once named a particular one. Others declared there was no such thing. So it will be seen that the ideas were somewhat conflicting. This is interesting, when it is remembered that all had the same teachers. After much thought, we have been compelled to admit that the students do not know what they want in a teacher.

One boy says he wants a young lady, age seventeen to twenty-one, who would give socials to the boys in her class—one who would recognize the superiority of health over studying. Another wants a man who will perform acrobatic stunts to relieve the monotony of the day—one who assigns but one page for a lesson. Then there is the girl who wants a nice man. But we do not believe that her idea of "nice" corresponds with that of the youth mentioned above. A certain young man with a romantic turn of mind wants a teacher who despises red ink and is partial to A's. A girl wants a teacher who "learns her something." He may be either a man or a woman, give good marks or poor ones, be sulky or pleasant; but if the student learns the least bit, the teacher is ideal.

From the multitude of conflicting views, we found that no very clear idea of what constitutes an ideal teacher can be had from a general body of students. But after a somewhat lengthy association with that exalted band, the teachers, a few of us have decided upon one essential of an ideal teacher.

He or she—the sex is immaterial—should have the ability to create an interest in the work he or she teaches. To do so, a teacher must specialize. It is possible to teach two or three things well, but we have observed that the best teachers are those who have taught but one thing for a number of years. He

should be in love with his subject, should feel that it is of the utmost importance to the student, for, unless this is the case, the student will feel indifferent toward the subject, and where there is indifference, there is no applied effort. Home work will be neglected, and disorder flourish in class. A teacher cannot keep a student interested in a subject unless he is abreast of the times, familiar with present happenings and can introduce every-day occurrences and show the relation of the subject he teaches to every-day life. It is needless to say that a teacher who has no sense of humor can not hold the interest, the sympathy, of high school students.

The ideal teacher must be absolutely fair and just. He is the absolute dictator in his world, and to get the best results out of the work he must be strenuously impartial. A teacher is a czar who takes five minutes to argue his side of the case, and will allow a student but two minutes for his.

If a teacher create the proper interest of a student in his work, he will cease to be merely instructor, and become a learned friend, ready, glad, to impart his knowledge to one anxious to learn.

We would not make the ideal teacher an abstract impossibility. We would have him very human. He ought to take an interest in school and class affairs. He should be able to enter wholeheartedly into and enjoy such a reception as the faculty gave the Seniors this year. He should be able to unbend temporarily and become a mere care-free human being. The luxury of getting angry occasionally and giving a student a good calling down in language that fits the occasion, might even be allowed him.

And the ideal student, what of him? These are the requirements as given by teachers. There is nothing unreasonable in their demands—in fact, when we consider how easy

it is to be an ideal student, we wonder that we were never considered as such. The ideal student must be spirited, quick-witted, full of fun. He ought to take an interest in athletics, he must be active in school and class contests and other events. In short, the ideal student as desired by the Manual teachers, is just a frank, honest American child. They don't

desire a goody-goody; they want a proper amount of mischief, and with it the good sense to know where and when to stop. The ideal student does not have to get "A"; reasonably good work will do. And that's all. Isn't it easy? Just think of all the ideal students in Manual!



A DREAM

I had a dream as I fell into slumber,
And thought it would make a good *Annual*
number;

An important Faculty meeting was held,
Which every member to attend felt impelled.

The Annual Board each teacher had asked
To give a picture, present or past;
And that all might be willing to agree,
The request was as courteous as it could be.

The ladies grumbled: "Why, how will we
look?

We'll never consent to be put in a book!
We've grown too ancient. The Board is too
bold;

Why, my last picture is a dozen years old!"

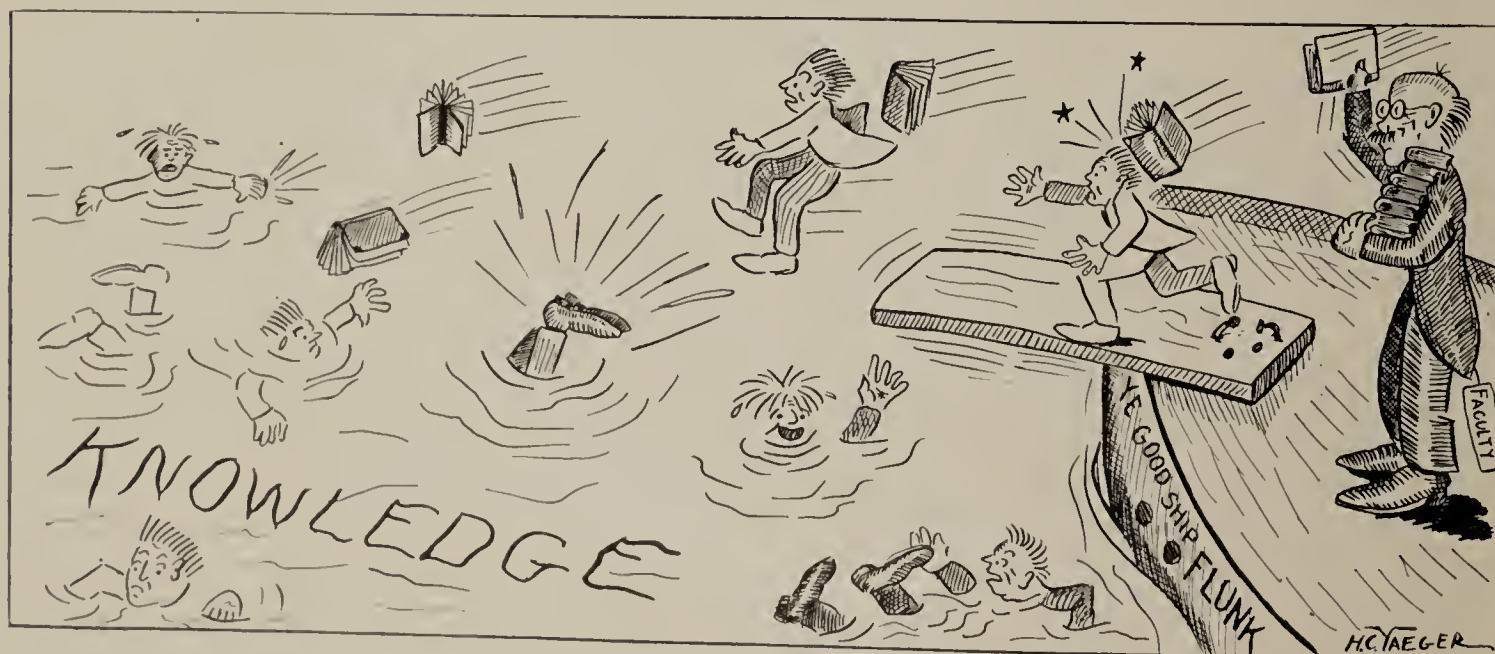
Then one sage arose: "The older the better;
I'm sure the pictures will prove that to the
letter."

And the men determined the Board's scheme
to pursue,

And declared that the ladies their verdict
would rue.

The gentlemen argued, the Board entreated,
Until all obstacles were defeated,
And all but three of the Faculty, dear,
Gave up their pictures; you'll find them here.

A sigh of relief! From my slumber I 'woke.
I tell you this photograph stunt was no joke!
Did any of you e'er dream in metre?
Or did you e'er read poetry sweeter?



SENIORS





Class Organization

President,	William Mahrenberger
Vice-President,	Louis Paulicheck
Secretary,	Eela Kitching
Treasurer,	Hazel Wallack

Executive Committee

Virginia Hardin	Hal Vaeger
Pauline Haberl	Francis Howland

Class Flower
Red Liberty Rose

Class Motto
Fortiter
Fideliter
Feliciter



WILLIAM F. WAHRENBERGER—

*“Great of heart, magnanimous, courtly,
courageous.”*



DRUSILLA WELLS—

“Her ways are ways of pleasantness.”



LOUIS PAULICHECK—

*“I am lean enough to be thought a good
student.”*



RUTH WINCHEL—

“How I adore!”



DAVID WALLACE PETERSON—

*“The man that blushes is not quite a
brute.”*



EDWIN STILLWELL—

"His breath came in short pants."



HELEN KRAEMER—

"How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride!"



ROBERT REEVES—

"The mildest manners with the bravest mind."



ELLA WILSON—

"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."



HARRY G. ULMER—

"But there's more in me than thou understandeth."



BERNICE MCCARTHY—

*“She greets you with frowns,
She greets you with smiles—
Beware, O, beware of Bernice’s wiles!”*



FRANCIS BEAUMONT HOWLAND—

“Bonnie brown eyes are the eyes for me.”



EDNA ELIZABETH BAERRESEN—

“More modest than the violet.”



HENRY HAMILTON KERR—

*“And little of this great world can I
speak
More than pertains to feats of broil and
battle.”*



VERA ELIZABETH MALLON—

*“Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in a
woman.”*



JOHN J. FLACH—

"Law is like cobwebs which catch small flies."



LELA C. KITCHING—

"You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for."



JAMES LAWLER DAVIDSON—

"One may smile and smile, and be a villain."



VICTORIA COKAYNE—

"She doth little kindnesses, which most leave undone or despise."



HENRY CHARLES YAEGER—

"It requires a critical nicety to find out the genius of a child."



NELLIE HILL—

"Eyes as soft and capacious as a cloudless sky."



ROBERT FITTEN HARRIS—

"How green you are, and fresh in this old world!"



LILLIE LOHDEN—

"Pleasant and fair, agreeable and sweet."



CHARLES LYNCH—

*"Then heigh-ho the holly,
This life is most jolly."*



HELEN IRENE CULTON—

*"The hand that made you fair,
Hath made you good."*



CHARLES FREDERICK LINCOLN—

*“Youth! Youth!
How buoyant are thy hopes!”*

LONA KROEGER—

*“When last I saw thy young blue eyes
they smiled.”*

MAURICE SHUGREN—

*“Blest with plain reason and sober
sense.”*

MARY CHERN—

*“I would be friends with you and have
your love.”*

ALBERT SPILLMAN—

“Fain would I climb, but I fear to fall.”



GRACE E. HUNT—

"Her lovely looks, a sprightly mind discloses."

HAROLD LESTER BECK—

"Hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat."

CAROLINE TIMPTE—

*"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
Who relished a joke and rejoiced at a pun."*

OLIVER WENDELL HALL—

"An affable and courteous gentleman."

MARY COOPER FROST—

*" 'Tis good to be merry and wise,
'Tis good to be honest and true."*



LOLA MARY BAKER—

*"Good nature and good sense must ever
join."*



EMIL P. RICKEL—

"Men of few words are the best men."



MARY LILIAN CRAISE—

*"Where the stream runneth smoothest,
the water is deepest."*



ERWIN FRANK BAKER—

"Beware the fury of a patient man."



TILLIE INEZ GOTTSTEIN—

*"Thou hast the patience and faith of a
saint."*



MERRITT BAKER—

*“Charms strike the sight, but Merritt
wins the soul.”*



VIRGINIA HARDIN—

*“How the rose of Orient glow
Mingles with the lily’s snow.”*



EDWARD GILLETTE KNOWLES—

*“A smile that glowed, celestial, rosy-red,
Love’s proper hue.”*



HAZEL WALLACK—

*“Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.”*



OSCAR WIKOFF—

*“Whate’er he did, was done with so
much ease,
In him alone was natural to please.”*



CICELY LEWIS—

*"I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing."*



EDWARD BOURKE—

*"I consider poetry very subordinate to
science."*



AGNES SOPHIE JOHNSON—

"Gentle thou art, therefore to be won."



HAROLD HUNT—

*"You may relish him more in the soldier
than the scholar."*



MARJORIE JAMES—

*"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."*



FRED RICHARD LUTZ—

"Hi wer a jollie soule."



GRACE MERSEY SWALLOW—

*"Then she will talk;
Ye gods, how she will talk!"*



FRED EARL PELTON—

*"All the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men."*



VIOLA ROSETTA BRENDLE—

*"Pleasure unmixed, and without thorns
the rose."*



WILLIAM WESLEY KOLLER—

*"Who, for the inspiration of his race,
Is wiser than his time."*



GRACE ELEANOR MORELAND—

*"Her hair was rolled in many a curious
fret,
Much like a rich and curious coronet."*

RAYMOND ARTHUR ORNAUER—

"Thou art no dreamer."

FRIEDA WEISS—

*"Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully
upon me."*

RALPH J. SMITH—

*"The good I stand on is my truth and
honesty."*

FLORENCE KING—

"Whom to look at was to love."



MARGUERITE PECK—

*"Her very frowns are fairer, far,
Than smiles of other maidens are."*



CLAUDE GEORGE BECK—

"There's mischief in this man."



IRENE ANSON—

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more."



CARL SODERSTROM—

*"The first in banquet and the last in
fight."*



GLADYS MILLER—

"Let thy precept be, 'Be easy.'"



MARTHA ENGELBORG BAERRESEN—

"A kinder heart; a will inflexible."

HARVEY GALBREATH—

*"Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives
the nod."*

EVA HATTIE RICHARDS—

"There's little of the melancholy in her."

CHARLES NELSON KNOWLES—

*"And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on
earth."*

CORWINA R. MILLS—

*"She sighed, and looked, and sighed
again."*



HELEN JEFFERAY—

*“Her yellow golden hair,
Was trimly woven and in tresses
wrought.”*



CLINTON MCKELVEY—

*“There’s music in the sighing of the
reed.”*



ETHEL STEWART—

“Those dark eyes, so dark and so deep.”



ADRIAN MARRON—

*“Kindness in woman, not their beauteous
looks, shall win my love.”*



NEVA B. CARD—

*“A dainty pair of glasses on her dainty
little nose,
Adds to her look of culture and to her
statue-like repose.”*



CARROLL SHINN—

"She guides the cunning artist's hand."



LEWIS CLARK DAVIDSON—

*"I'm called away by particular business,
But I leave my character behind me."*



HELEN CUNO—

*"She taketh most delight in music, instru-
ments and poetry."*



EVERETT FRANCIS CLARK—

"I would make reason my guide."



MARGERY MALINS—

*"Be patient, for the world is broad and
wide."*



PAULINE ETHEL HABERL—

*“To those who know thee not, no words
can paint,
And those who know thee, know that all
words are faint.”*



EDMUND HENRY YAEGER—

“He toils not, neither does he spin.”



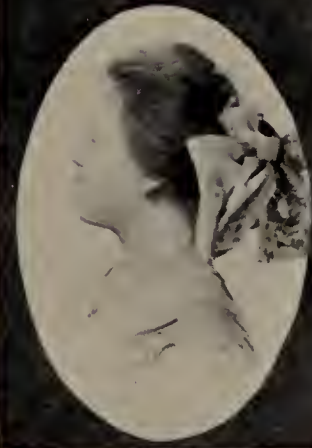
ELSIE THOREAU—

*“Eyes too honest to disguise the sweet
soul shining through them.”*



ARTHUR TODD BRADLEY—

*“This gentleman is full of virtue, worth
and qualities.”*



OLIVE A. CASEY—

*“Blest with that charm, a certainty to
please.”*



ROBERT A. CRAISE—

*"I propose to fight it out on this line if
it takes all summer."*



DINA CLAFF—

*"I love its giddy gurgle,
I love its pleasant flow,
I love to wind my tongue up,
I love to let it go."*



LUHR JENSEN—

"First in the fight."



LILLIAN BERKOWITZ—

*"Peace rules the day where reason rules
the mind."*



WILFRED VAN STONE—

"Worth makes the man."



WILL FLORUS DUMARS—

“His better does not breathe upon the earth.”



ARTHUR EDGAR GERALD COLLINS—

“Bidding fair in good time to become the oldish inhabitant.”



STILLMAN HORNE—

“Of reverend reputation.”



PEARL LOUISE PIERCE—

“What stature is she of? Just as high as my heart.”



THOMAS B. FRENCH—

*“Worth, courage, honor,
These indeed,
Your sustenance and birthright are.”*



WILLIAM HENRY RAUKOHL—

*“Most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment.”*

RALPH HALL—

“To pass or not to pass.”

HAROLD GEORGE MACOMBER—

“He hath an excellent good name.”

CLARENCE B. HERSEY—

*“The gravity and stillness of your youth,
The world hath noted.”*

GEORGE S. PATTERSON—

“Better late than never.”



LYNE SHACKELFORD—

"This man's as true as steel."



GERTRUDE M. HAMPSON—

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."



WILLIAM TAYLOR—

*"A merrier man I never spent a merrier
hour withal."*



NELL EVANS—

*"In every deed of mischief, she had a
heart to resolve,
A head to contrive, and a hand to exe-
cute."*



RAYMOND BROWNSON—

*"In thy face I see honor, truth and
loyalty."*



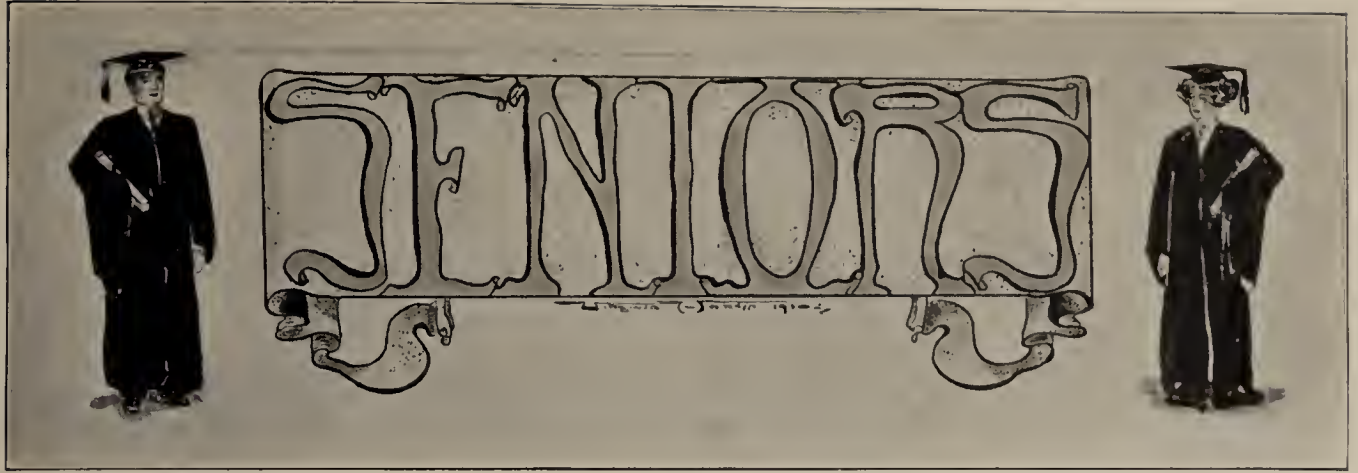
MARY JOSEPHINE SORAN—

*“More merry tears.
The passion of great laughter never
shed.”*

FORBES PARKHILL—

*“A lion among ladies is a most dreadful
thing.”*





History of the Class of 1910

ROBERT H. REEVES, JR.

The station waiting room of the M. T. H. S. railroad, one memorable day about four years ago, was filled with a crowd of youngsters, wandering disconsolately, but evidently prepared for a long journey. They had the strained, uneasy look of the untraveled, but, fortunately, they had provided themselves with tickets from the small offices about town. One finally found a bulletin board which read: "Train No. 1910 will leave on schedule time, 9:00 a. m." They staggered under the loads of books and lunches up to Gatekeeper Winton's desk, where she inspected their tickets. The next move was to get the tickets validated by General Passenger Agent Bradley. At the sound of a bell, they rushed to their respective coaches, to make sure of a seat.

Of course there were other travelers about, who treated these novices with various degrees of scorn; those who had taken one trip delighted in making life miserable for them; others, who had taken two trips made remarks about robbing the cradle; and those who had taken three trips showed a contempt for such insignificant beings.

But soon curiosity got the better of fright, and the young travelers began to be interested and to enjoy themselves. They first observed Brakeman Quinn. His chief duties in this line were to order those who were too rapid on the stairways to put on the brakes, and to *break* them of the habit of leaving keys at home.

Slowly they became accustomed to the ways of travel. They gave up aspiring to great things, such as leaning on the railing around the "well"—this place was sacred to the learned. They also became familiar with the train signals. Slowly, but surely, even painfully, it was impressed on their minds to abhor red, especially red ink, for if in the shape

of a "D" it meant "Danger"; "C," in black, meant "Careful, curve ahead"; "B," "Brakes off," and "A," "All clear, full speed ahead." Last, but far from least, it was early instilled into their young minds that the M. T. H. S. Railroad must beat a certain E. D. H. S. road.

The first stop was at Algebra City, the home of the unknown quantity. Alas! it is still unknown to some.

Next was English. It was in this place that they became acquainted with Ichabod Crane, Rip Van Winkle, and a Merchant of Venice. In their later visits here, they met an Ancient Mariner, a certain Lady of the Lake, and a miser named Silas Marner.

The train then divided, and sections went to the different foreign settlements, the German Colony, the French Colony, and over the long road to the Latin Quarters.

Once again they came together in a dark and dreary region called Freehand. Danger signals were all around. What wavering lines their fright produced! They heeded the warning to "be gentle and keep their voices low." Indeed, they "half closed their eyes, and saw the masses"—of danger signals.

Of course, the feminine contingency of this party visited the toggery shops, where many wonderful creations were made.

At last, in order to give the employees a rest—for indeed all were tired and weary—the Directors ordered the road to be shut down for a time.

When they resumed their travels, how they had grown!—especially their heads—for did they not bear the proud name of Sophomores? Haughtily did they treat the great number of children who overran the yards and offices of the road. They felt it their certain duty to misinform these innocent Freshmen, and make them entirely happy.

One of the stops was Geometry, a place where the people lived the simple life along *plain* lines.

They also visited the Carving County Fair. Many were the old amusements under new guises. A merry-go-round was closely copied by a group of the natives following the superintendent. One of the side-shows was a saw-horse that climbed a pole. Music for dancing was furnished by the jig-saw, accompanied by a drum corps. Grandstand seats were at a premium, always obtained through the influence of the superintendent.

And again the road stopped running for a short time.

After this, they were called Juniors. They would have hardly been recognized as the Freshmen of two years before, for they had become old and experienced travelers. Orders came from headquarters for them to organize. As their President, they elected an illustrious football player, who later became still more famous as a class prophet, a captain, and an all-Colorado fullback.

They now turned their attention to a broad country, History. Perhaps from no other country did they get so much pleasure, and yet so much good. And as they were traveling along the *dusty roads* of History, they became acquainted with a veritable sage. He could discuss any question imaginable—indeed he was a modern Solomon—on all topics, ranging from “The Delights of Married Life” to “Travels in Europe.”

They next crossed the Physics Mountains. Some thought the way long and steep, but when the summit was reached, the view far more than repaid them for the journey.

A few took a trip to a Spanish colony. This place is, in truth, the Coney Island of the country.

And all too soon they are Seniors. The pleasures of these experienced travelers were many. Among them were a dance and a Halloween party. At this time they were fortunate in electing one of their number by the name of Wahrenberger, as President. Many times they heard that tiresome phrase, reminding them to be “dignified Seniors.” Perhaps an ordinary Senior Class is stiff and dignified; but permit me to suggest that they are not an ordinary Class.

One important and interesting place on this trip was Chemistry, a place of mysteries and odors.

As a special privilege of old patrons of

the road, they were allowed to visit the Machine Shops. While on this visit, one bold member made an excursion, and on his return brought many souvenirs. Alas! They are no more! For they vanished like East Denverites after a game. They were pie, cake and ice-cream cones!

One long tunnel darkened this journey. At the mouth was a sign, E. & M. Some took sleepers through it.

The suffragette faction made many trips to a village named after Dr. Cook, where the pride of the town is its housekeeping. I will not burden you with the many stories of the stability and lasting qualities of the exports of this place, but sometimes it seems to a passer-by, from the odors of burned cooking, that the housewives must be gossiping over the back fences.

But I have left until now to tell of one of the most interesting features of their journeys. Whenever this railroad crossed the tracks of another road, especially the E. D. H. S., there was a contest for the right-of-way. Sometimes it was football, sometimes it was baseball, basketball or track, and sometimes even the glorious sport of rough-house. In football for three years fate seemed against them, and luck with the E. D. H. S. team; but this year, with eight Seniors on the team, a glorious victory was theirs. Since a three to nothing score would not silence the opponents, an eleven to nothing game did. Impressive funeral ceremonies were held, and great was the rejoicing throughout the line.

The Baseball team has a brilliant record. For three years, 1910 has supplied star players, four last year and five this year. For two years they have been state champions, and bid fair to soon win another championship.

For two years nearly all the Basketball players have come from 1910, winning two championships. The track team has also been well represented.

But all these travels have not been for pleasure alone. Many have become skilled in various lines. They have more than their share of readers, debaters, musicians, actors, orators and athletes. Do not their records insure a great future?

Now that their journey is nearly ended, and many are consulting new time-tables, they wish they had taken a longer schedule. They regret to leave because they have become attached to the road and to those who have constantly helped them in their travels.

Class Prophecy

PEARL LOUISE PIERCE.

CARL KNOWLES.

(SCENE—A Corner in an Ice-cream Parlor.)

Enter *Robert Harris*, as a waiter. Goes to table, picks up paper, and reads:

“NOTED CONVICTS RELEASED.

CARL KNOWLES.

“Convicts numbers thirteen and twenty-three have just been released from Canon City. These two, P. L. Pierce and C. Knowles, were convicted and sentenced to two years of hard labor, on April 15, 1910. They were brought to trial by their irate classmates for defamation of character. They had been elected to write a Class Prophecy, and their attempt maligned their misguided and trusting classmates so atrociously that they barely escaped lynching. They are reported as being on their way to Denver.”

(Exit waiter.)

(Enter the two released convicts.)

Both—Well, when did you get out?

P.—Why, poor Bob Reeves is still doing time.

C.—Yes; his offense to the Class was worse than ours, and he got a longer sentence. Won't you come in here with me, and have some ice-cream?

P.—Why, yes, thank you, I should be delighted.

(Enter and take seats.)

C.—Last night, as I was going down Sixteenth, I saw a great crowd. Knowing it was the Salvation Army, I moved closer, and there stood our old classmate, Will Dumars, pounding a big bass drum and singing at the top of his voice. By his side stood Emil Riekel, shouting “Hallelujah!” during the pauses. Soon, Lona Kroeger told of her conversion. She had eaten so much peach pie that her complexion had been ruined. Hence the transformation. Meanwhile, Agnes Johnson requested a small sum for carrying on their great work. As I didn't have a cent, I moved on.

(Waiter enters. Both rise, and greet Bob Harris effusively.)

C.—Why, my dear boy, how did you come to this?

P.—Yes? We predicted you would be a great orator.

Robert—What is your order, sir?

C.—Two ice-creams, please. (Aside) He seems to feel his degradation keenly!
(Both resume seats.)

P.—When I was on the 19th Avenue car the other day, I was much surprised to find that my old friend, Hattie Richards, had taken Pap's place.

C.—Is that so? By the way, I've been looking up some of our classmates, and you'd be surprised to see how they really have turned out. (Takes out list.)

P.—*Why, so have I!* (Takes out her list.)

C. (reads)—Irene Anson, always patriotic, set out to elope with Raymond Ornauer on a fine spring day. The bride's dress was blue, with red trimmings, with hat to match. The bride looked anxiously for signs of rain, but the only moisture was the tears of her sympathetic friends. I understand that the groom is soon to be made a partner in the Golden Eagle.

Erwin Baker is now a distinguished baritone in the Lombardi Opera Company. He sings his part with great feeling and solemnity. He is ably seconded by his sister, Lola, who is his wardrobe mistress, and who soothes him when he is melancholy.

Merritt Baker, having won many prizes for fussing, was at last caught and held by one of these prizes. Need I say it was Pauline Haberl? She was mistress of a manicure shop, and fell in love with his beautiful complexion.

Edna Baerresen has become assistant in Chemistry to William Taylor. Alas! William is as shy as ever. When Edna desires to attract his attention, she has her hair catch on fire. Will rushes bravely to her rescue, but that is as far as he gets. As they have been at it for the last ten years, Edna's hair is giving out, so William will have to hurry up.

Martha Baerresen is still writing. At last reports, she was coming on famously with her novel entitled “The Loves and Losses of Nell Evans,” or “How She Didn't When She Would.” Her editor is William Raukohl, now owner of that useful little home magazine entitled, “How I Care for my Household Pets.” From the small town called “Literature,”

he writes great treatises on the subject of "How I Wash my Poodle Dog," or "What Food is Best for my Little Maltese."

Claude Beck is now manager for that famous dancer, Miss Hazel Wallack. He plays the street piano while she dances with a tambourine and "geta da mon," hoping to get enough money to buy the license.

Harold Beck now receives \$10,000 a year for being the Handsome Man in Lela Kitching's Dime Museum. He is kept in a glass case, so that his artistic coloring will not be rubbed off by the multitudes passing there daily. On the left is Louis Paulicheck, chained in place by chewing gum. He sits on a baseball bat, thinking sadly of happy days gone by when he was free. Another antique is Frank Williams, who wears a fur coat, straw hat and moccasins, and stands on his head three-fourths of the day, keeping up a constant stream of talk, seeking to be original. Lela sings to them nightly, for it is a well-known scientific fact that "music hath charms to soothe the savage."

Lillian Berkowitz has long since gone to Madrid to live. She has become a charming senorita. As for Ralph Smith, having made a large fortune manufacturing hot tamales, he has followed his fair Lillian to Spain. From last reports, it has been rather uphill work, for she speaks nothing but Spanish now.

Edward Bourke is the popular author of the latest song hit, "I Ain't Got No Use for Grammar Nohow."

C.—Do you know anything about Arthur Bradley?

P.—Yes, and I found out some others, too. (Reads.)

Arthur is now a prosperous manufacturer of chewing gum known as "Bradley's Special." Just as he used to sit and think of what was to be, he now sits and thinks what might have been, chewing complacently the while.

Viola Brendle, after holding in suspense all the young men of the small town to which she moved, finally married our schoolmate, Maurice Shngren, because of his excellent qualities as general all-around man and bushwhacker. She now woozies in her own home, for Maurice's benefit.

Mary Chern and Hal Yaeger have incorporated a firm for answering superfluous questions. They might be as one, except that Mary always asks "Why?" and Hal always answers, "Why not?"

Dina Claff is now the principal of a Young Ladies' Seminary on the Hudson, where she teaches the young ladies fetching manners and cute chemistry.

Robert Craise has succeeded John R., and now teaches small boys how to carve their way into a rough-house.

Edwin Stillwell has become the heavyweight champion of the world. Having met and defeated Johnson and having knocked out Jeffries, he has no more rivals. His trainer, Albert Spillman, takes great credit for his unbounded success.

Everett Clark, I am sorry to say, has become an iceman. He speaks nothing but Latin, and so finds it hard to converse with hired girls without the aid of an interpreter.

C. (interrupts)—Have you heard that Gerald Collins is now a side-show man with Ringling Brothers' Circus? His wife, Marguerite Peck, is a marvelous snake charmer, and, due to Gerald's great ability as a rooster, the side show is packed at every performance.

Frances Connell has achieved her great ambition, and become a nurse at St. Joseph's Hospital, where she specializes in weakminded and brokenhearted cases.

Lewis Davidson has become a missionary in South Africa. He fell naturally into this occupation from that of a soap-drummer, as he believes in a clean soul as well as a clean body.

Helen Cuno is now the successor of Mrs. Pettit, *as it were*, and is very busy instilling into the minds of the young and frivolous the impossibility of being happy when talking ungrammatically.

And you remember Florence King? She is still a freshman at Boulder. But what could you expect of one so young?

And of our old friend, Lyne Shackelford, the less said the better. He is gone to Utah.

P.—I've found that Thomas French is now the postmaster and general storekeeper in the metropolis of Peachblow, where he sells "Sugar and spice and all things nice." Also other things. In his store, on a Saturday night, on a cracker box, George Patterson holds forth on "What the Quakers Owe Us." At the sound of his voice, all rise and leave except our old friend, Mary Craise, a woman of vast estate—she owns the cracker box.

Dave Dodge owns a large bakery, noted for its "leming" pies. Old Dave has never lost his appreciation of this dainty morsel, and we hope he never will.

Tilly Gottstein whistles her way thru

life, thinking of the days when she was a little Manual Maid.

Dear old Oliver Hall has fallen low. He cooks fried potatoes in Charlie's *Lynch* Room in a greasy apron. Few would recognize our sweet and immaculate Oliver. Mr. Lynch has become suave and well contented. Undoubtedly he is doing well. Carrie Timpte is his cashier, and when not otherwise occupied, she smoothes her golden tresses.

Gertrude Hampson has met with unbounded success curling hair for matresses. Her talent in this direction was noticeable even in her high school days.

Laurine Hammond is *Stella Walker*, though, perforce, separated from the object of her affections.

C (interrupts) — Have you heard that Virginia Hardin has been sent up for thirty days because of her vivid impersonation of Mrs. Leigh as Lady Macbeth? Note here: Her counsel, the famous Edward Knowles, has appealed for another trial. In this trial, the judge will be Ella Wilson, the only woman on the bench. The jury will be composed entirely of girls, as Ed's vivid red cheeks always make a hit. He is often forced to exclaim, in exasperation: "I wonder why all the girls like me so?"

Will Koller is now preparing an almanac on the facial conditions of women in general, and Olive Casey in particular. This book is being illustrated by the famous artist, Carroll Shinn.

Fred Lutz is now a scissors grinder. He is still an enthusiastic baseball player, but finds it necessary to earn his living. As he was always noted as a grinder, he fell naturally into this awe-inspiring profession.

Corwina Mills and Margery Malins are now running a Trained Monkey Show. Their charm over these wonderful animals is entirely due to the fact that they are so handsome.

Adrian Marron and Elsie Thoreau have recently opened a new school for the "Cultivation of Silence and Working of Difficult Mathematical Problems."

P. (interrupts) — That reminds me that Cicely Lewis and Constance Teague have opened a "Reform School for Bad Little Boys." A delightful work, and one for which they were always peculiarly adapted.

Ned Yaeger is now leading a rebellion in Venezuela. He is a terror to his enemies, thru his deadly accuracy with a pop-gun.

Wallace Peterson has been an Episco-

palian minister for two years, and is a great favorite with eloping couples, of whom he has already married three hundred. His wife, our old schoolmate, Helen Jefferay, still takes great delight in aiding Cupid's plans.

Mary Frost is to be the next candidate for President on the Suffragette ticket. Her most earnest supporter is The Honorable Neva Card, Esquiness, popularly known as "The Little Black-eyed Terror." Her motto is, "Do or die." In one of her late campaigns, she ran up against Unele Will Wahrenberger, successor to Uncle Joe Cannon. Uncle Bill's motto is, "Thy way must be my way."

James Davidson has invented a Talking Machine, which is guaranteed to talk faster and say less even than the inventor.

Victoria Cokayne is appearing at the Broadway this week as chief tragedienne in Harvey Galbreath's latest success, "The Beautiful Sabine." The play is a great success, owing to the grace and cleverness of the fair tragedienne.

C. (interrupts) — You surely haven't forgotten John Flach? He is now the very successful manager of a Ladies' Tailoring establishment. Among his many charming cloak models, there is no one to equal our former schoolmate, Grace Swallow, who looks just *too* cute for anything in the gowns which John plans for her.

Carl Soderstrom has been appointed chief hairdresser to the Imperial Court of Japan, an occupation which he always seemed cut out for, even in our high school days.

Forbes Parkhill, in his great love for digging, has become a famous archaeologist. He has recently brought to light a treatise written on clay tablets, which, when deciphered, was found to read:

"And though thy anger have no end,
Then break my heart, it shall not bend."

Wilfred Van Stone is still working his way to California. He has gotten as far as Littleton. He is Sheriff there, and has won world-wide fame, as he hypnotizes the criminals with his beautiful eyes.

Drusilla Wells and Frieda Weiss are two of the most valuable policemen on the Denver force. They recently arrested Oscar Wikoff for refusing to call them perfect ladies. Oscar is a mender of tins, and, because of his appealing blue eyes and winning ways, he has laid by quite a fortune.

C.—How about Helen Kraemer?

P.—Oh, she is head lady of the Jumpers. She fell naturally into this occupation, since it enabled her to retain her brilliant coloring.

Her most prominent followers are Gladys Miller, Vera Mallon and Mary Soran, who form the Fourth Trimmvirate, and are known as the "Hopping Triplets."

Fred Lincoln is now an etymologist. He has been stuffing a rhinoceros for the last five years, and so far has succeeded in stuffing the tail. Over his work he sings: "Oh, Listen to my Tale of Woe."

McKelvey is a leader of the Socialists, and is Debs the Second. He believes "If your brother has two mandolin strings, make him give you one."

Ethel Stewart is now on her second grand tour of the Continent. She is gathering material for her new philosophical research, "How the Waifs of Different Countries Black Shoes."

Helen Culton is now a Kindergarten teacher. She teaches her charges to walk upstairs backwards and slide down banisters, and many new methods of making a racket.

Tom Harrington is a Popeorn Man. He was the first one to sell popeorn from an airship. He is often in trouble with the police for reckless driving and his refusal to pay his license, but when arrested, he merely says: "Oh, for Pat's sake!" and they immediately release him, thinking he has a pull.

C.—"There's nothing like that in our family."

P.—Eugene Heatley is a motor pirate. He stops defenseless women and removes all hairpins and temporary hair. His latest victim is the famous beauty, Grace Moreland, who has become notorious in her sensational pursuit of the slippery Eugene.

Clarenee Hersey is as nonchalant as ever. He is head milliner in Harry Ulmer's Hat Store, where the fashions are changed every week. Harry spends his spare moments in admiring himself in the different bonnets, while Clarenee gives examples of the Art of Bluffing.

Nellie Hill is a lady floorwalker in Harold Macomber's large department store, where they sell shoelaces, molasses, etc. Miss Henry is head saleslady and at call of "Cash!" Ruth Winehel, who still retains her affection for her erstwhile

teacher, responds sweetly, "Yes, Miss Henry." Marjorie James often comes to buy a penny's worth of lieoriee, and stops to chat awhile with her once-was twin. They talk feelingly of the days when care-free, they roamed the halls of dear old Alma Mater.

C.—So they still speak! Have you heard anything of Fred Pelton?

P.—Why, Fred has built a magnificent building on the site where Mr. Calloway's store used to be. He gives dances once a month to High School students, brings them there in air-ships, and serves refreshments with unheard-of liberality, all free of charge. This is all the result of remorse.

Stillman Horne is a captain, brave and strong. He has instituted many new customs in the Army, such as buttoning coats on backwards, carrying sabres by the point and guns with barrels to the ground, so that, in case of discharge, no aerial navigators will be injured.

Francis Howland and Bernie McCarthy have gone into partnership for life. They have set up an undertaking establishment. Francis has indeed proven himself an unfriendly friend, for he goes about his business with joy in his heart and a joke upon his lips. Some of these jokes have the effect of causing the dead to turn over in their graves and groan, and wish that they were dead yet.

Grace Hunt is now in the Detective Business. Her latest case is the "Hunt of a lost Kerr," for Henry is still much sought after by the fair sex. Harold Hunt is now a schoolmaster. On account of his regular habits and his faculty of being on time, the whole village set their clocks by him. His specialty is teaching how to ride an air-ship upside down.

Both—And last but not least, Jensen is in his grave.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done her worst; nor steel,
nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

(Exit.)

(Enter waiter, who removes dishes.)

Class Day Program

<i>Address</i>	- - - - -	WILLIAM F. WAHRENBERGER
<i>Class History</i>	- - - - -	ROBERT REEVES
<i>Selection</i>	- - - - -	MALE QUARTET
<i>Class Prophecy</i>	- - - - -	{ CARL KNOWLES PEARL L. PIERCE
<i>Stereopticon Views</i>	- - - - -	
<i>Essay</i>	- - - - -	HELEN I. CULTON
<i>Vocal Solo</i>	- - - - -	LELA C. KITCHING



Commencement Program

<i>Oration</i>	- - - - -	JOHN FLACH
<i>Reading</i>	- - - - -	MARY FROST
<i>Essay</i>	- - - - -	HAZEL WALLACK
<i>Original Story</i>	- - - - -	WILLIAM RAUKOHL
<i>Oration</i>	- - - - -	ROBERT REEVES
<i>Essay</i>	- - - - -	MARY CRAISE



President's Address

FRIENDS: No course in the advancement of civilization is more vital than that of the theory and practice of education. The educational theory of an age gives us the key to its learning, the educational practice, a synopsis of its activities.

The end of all education is to develop the child, that he may hold an intelligent place among his fellow-citizens and know life at its fullest and best. The conditions of intelligent citizenship vary with the progress of civilization, and so must our educational methods. The educational methods of the Greeks were not those of the Romans; nor are the methods of to-day the ones used by our nation even a century ago.

The conditions which govern education have changed in the last century. When our first census was taken, in 1790, but one thirtieth of our entire population lived in the cities. To-day one-third of our population is found in our cities.

During the eighteenth century, the New World was leading an agricultural life. The farm gave to its children a thorough course in Manual Training. Then the school could well throw all its emphasis on books, for the home could not supply these. To-day books are everywhere. As our population has become urban, our system of education has changed. The environment of the farm no longer educates the majority of our children. The specialization of labor has abolished the old mechanic's shop in which so many of our citizens received manual instruction.

To-day the crowded schools of our great cities must give to their students a material knowledge of things, as well as of books. The executive faculties must be trained, as well as the receptive faculties. Our city schools must lay stronger emphasis on the physical and moral activities of the child.

The very idea of manual training work suggests and gives to the physical development its proper importance. It seeks the development of a sound body, which is the first requisite of a sound mind. Manual training work rests and reinforces the mind. It gives

it accuracy, judgment and executive skill.

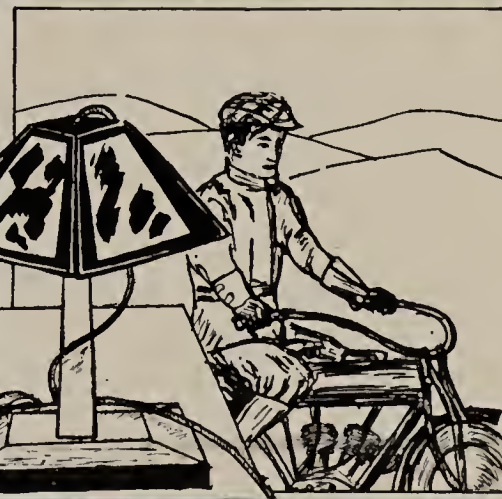
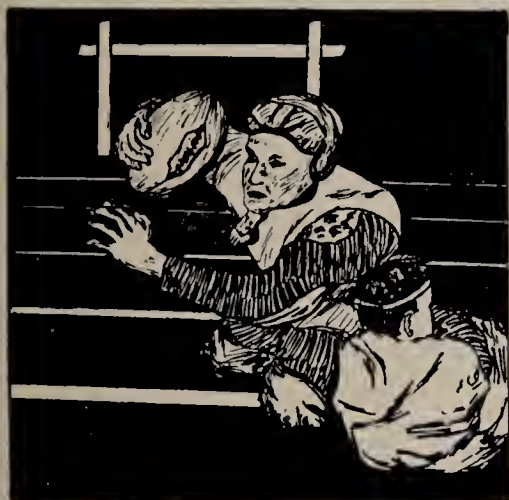
Ask the teacher of science to give up his laboratory work, and he will tell you that teaching is impractical without it. So our shops are becoming more and more the practical laboratories for our studies. The eye, the hand and the head work together in solving a problem. The result of their combined effort is far more than three times as great as though one of them had worked alone.

Nor can we forget the moral side of education. Manual training produces certain moral results. But no method of education will of itself give the moral training necessary to our nation.

Continued voluntary attention dulls a student's nerves. He grows disinterested, he dreams, he scorns his work, he longs to be out with nature. Put tools into his hands, and he awakes. He is now on a par with nature; he begins to observe, to discover and to construct. His work is no longer thrust upon him. He works now for the love of work. He sees the dignity and fascination of labor.

But manual training must not be misunderstood. Too often is it confused with trades schools. It is sometimes urged that the school should teach a pupil how to make a living. This is not an unreasonable demand, if it does not interfere with teaching the pupil *how to live well*. Manual training schools hold, and must hold, a fair balance and right proportion between manual and academic work. Not one parent in fifty would send his children to a school where no academic work is taught, or where it is taught indifferently. The purpose is not to sacrifice the mental and make manual work menial. America does not want less intelligent, but more intelligent, workmen and citizens. Mental and moral and physical training will fit us for free citizens, and not serfs.

This threefold culture must be the ideal of the Manual Training High School, if it is to fulfill the needs and meet all the conditions of our life.







OFFICERS.

HERBERT JONES *President*
ROY MUNCASTER *Vice-President*
JOSEPHINE ALLEN *Secretary*
DEAN SHOWALTER *Treasurer*

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ROY MUNCASTER, *Chairman.* VELMA POWERS.
GRACE WALLACE. ELIOT SMITH.
RYOTARO NAKANO. JOSEPHINE ALLEN.

History of the Class of 1911

NEIL McMILLAN.

Attention, Juniors! Let those poor Sophomores alone long enough to listen to my tale. Think of the time when we were Freshmen; when, in knickerbockers and short dresses, we entered Manual. We were children then—or, at least, the Faculty thought so, for did they not set us to making mud pies? Or was it wabby vases and animals that could not be made to stand? They called it clay-modeling, but do you remember we nicknamed it “mud-carving?”

Next, Design, where our imaginations worked extra well, or would not work at all. Then Joinery, where Mr. Steele tried to teach us how to make good joints, both in wood and body. He would sometimes lecture for half an hour on the several chances small boys, large boys, fat boys and thin boys had for the various athletic teams. If we did not all make good “wood butchers,” some of us at least made good athletes. Many gained a place on one of the teams, while one distinguished both himself and his class by becoming a captain.

The girls learned to sew fairly well; but however bad their sewing might be, the boys used it to good advantage when they came in from the flag rushes.

And those flag rushes—weren’t they—as the girls said—“simply delicious”? You remember, do you not, that these were supposed to be the exclusive right of the Seniors and Juniors. The Sophomores hardly dared to look on, and as for the Freshmen, they were not usually allowed anywhere in the neighborhood. But our celebrated Class upset all these ancient customs, by hanging its emblem on the wire and keeping it there. Those wicked Juniors broke the auditorium windows in trying to knock it down, and a Senior even tried to crawl out on the wire, but all in vain.

But the Sophomores, not to be outdone, scattered a certain ill-smelling liquid about the halls. What followed is best described by the newspapers which appeared next day. “Cots lined the halls. Fainting girls were carried out by stalwart youths, who were almost

as sick as the girls, and the school could not be entered for hours." They punished only one person for the deed, but everyone believed him to be the "goat" of the Sophs.

Some of our Class aspired to be soldiers, and to save their country from destruction some day. Indeed, there were so many of these that two companies of cadets had to be formed.

So, although we suffered many set-backs and failures while Freshmen, we were not discouraged, and came back next year ready to further prove ourselves the most progressive class of Manual.

As Sophomores, it was our turn to tease the Freshmen; but that cruel School Board denied us all but a few of these, and as these had to be shared with the upper classmen, we could not do much mischief. But then we did not want to do any.

We first visited Mr. Henderson, who attempted to teach us how to carve wood. We had thought it would be something like mud-carving, but we found that it was very different. The models we were supposed to copy seemed easy, but when we got through with ours, they looked as if they had been chewed.

From Carving, some of us went to Printing, and the others to Forge, where we were supposed to pound hot iron, but really pounded our fingers. Great holes were burnt in our overalls and trousers. These caused no little mortification in the presence of girls, and much laughter in the presence of boys.

Next we journeyed to Turning, where Mr. Parsons taught us that if we applied a sharp chisel to a rapidly revolving piece of wood in a certain manner, said piece of wood would be made round. We also found out, for ourselves, that the point of the chisel had an obstinate way of taking out a "hunk" where we did not intend it should. Also, that a piece of metal rubbed on a moving belt would develop enough electricity to make a person unawares jump most satisfactorily.

For the girls it was more sewing, by which time they were able to make clothes that could be worn. They also went to Joinery, where they dreadfully soiled and bruised their soft, white hands. Those balky planes would always take more wood away on one side than the other, and the saws usually stuck in a crooked cut.

In our Freshman year, our main ambition was to get A's, but this year we began to think that if we got through at all, it didn't make much difference whether we studied or not. Consequently, our lessons became unexplainably harder. Geometry cut most puzzling figures, and Caesar conquered us as he had everything before us. We came, we saw, we (were) conquered. In History we also met with de-

feats, and very few victories. It is said that our Freehand drawings of this period looked Meehanical, and our Meehanical looked Freehand.

The next September we were Juniors, and such Juniors as Manual had never seen before. Our early start in defending our emblem enabled us this year to protect and honor it in such a way as to make the whole world take notice. We now organized as a Class, and held regular meetings. Those first meetings! Weren't they noisy? We all talked at once, and nobody listened, while the President hammered on the desk for silence, but only added to the din. After each one had exhausted his stock of news, the room would grow quiet for a short time. Then, as soon as anyone proposed anything, there would be six or seven yell their dissents. But we did something in our meetings, for all this. We chose a Class Pin, Flower, and Colors. We first chose yellow and green for colors, but later changed them to red and green. We selected a motto which made our President blush when he first read it. It was: "In Jones we trust, graduate or bust."

This year we all took Physies, but there our paths branched. Some tried eleventh Mathematics and Spanish, while others distinguished themselves in Arithmetie and Book-keeping and English. There were many who studied History, and a good majority were still half closing their eyes in Freehand.

The boys took Pattern Making and Forge; the girls, Carving and Cooking. In Pattern, if our tools happened to make a hole in our models, we could patch it up with wax (most of the models handed in were patched); while in Forge, Mr. Shute seemed to break the butt welds by looking at them.

In Carving, the girls were supposed to carve wood; but they really cut their fingers in a most shocking manner. In Cooking, they were taught how to help Mother when the cook left unexpectedly, with company coming.

Our Class has procured honors, both inside and outside of school. We have distinguished ourselves in our studies and shop work, and we held a famous party and dance. It is reported that there were eighteen boys and six girls at the party. No, we were not bashful; we were only so busy studying that we forgot to ask "Her." But what difference does it make, as long as we made up for our backwardness, at the dance?

Next year we will be Seniors, and lords of all. But we will not be lords that use their power to make everything disagreeable for the rest. We will be masters that help those under them. We will help along the slow and prod the lazy, and will not forget to study ourselves, for next year we must graduate.



LIFE OF A SOPHOMORE



How the Class President Was Chosen

LETITIA BRACE.

It was the opening day of the Schuylertown High School, and of course everything was in that delightful hubbub which always attends such an opening. Friends were greeting friends after the long summer vacation, and the air was filled with laughter and chattering. There was but one member of all that animated throng who seemed to have no companions, and who stood aloof from the others, a lonely and rather a comical figure. This was Obadiah Jenkins, who had come from a remote small town to enter the Schuylertown High School as a Sophomore.

Obadiah's personal appearance was not very attractive. He was tall and lank, his ill-fitting clothes hung awkwardly, and his narrow, serious face was rendered almost laughable by its habitual expression of peering inquiry, caused by his near-sightedness. His name too was against him. On one occasion a member of the class remarked to his boon companions that Obadiah Jenkins sounded just like a restaurant helper's name, and he'd heard that the new boy had been that very thing before he came to Schuylertown. From this it will easily be seen that the High School elite, from the first, did not "take" to him.

Even though he had no friends to inform him, however, it did not take Obadiah long to find out that the two great questions in these first few days of school were, the choosing of the Sophomore Class President, and the great opening party which the Sophomores gave yearly to the Senior Class. From time immemorial the election had been the first Monday after school opened, and the party the following Friday. This year was no exception, and after school on Monday a hilarious band of

students gathered in one of the recitation rooms for the election.

When the meeting had come to order, the voting began, with the final result that, after a whole afternoon of noisy and exhausting labor, there were six candidates, each with an equal number of votes. Here was a predicament. There was no more time for voting, and the number of candidates was too large to admit of drawing lots. Finally, one of the boys rose.

"I move," said he, "that we postpone the election until after the affair Friday night, when we can try it again. In the meantime, I move that we elect Irving Welton temporary President."

In default of any better suggestion, this measure was adopted, and the matter was, for the time being, settled.

Friday night drew on apace, and all the arrangements had been made. The great occasion arrived at last, and the receiving committee, very nervous in spite of the fact that affairs seemed to be running on oiled wheels, arrived early to make a last inspection of the great school hall and ascertain that everything was in readiness. To their relief, everything was, except that the assistants from the caterer's had not yet arrived. They were sure to show up in good time, however, and as the guests began to arrive at this minute, less important things were, for a time, forgotten.

In the meantime, Obadiah Jenkins, at home in his little boarding-house, was trying to decide whether or not he should go to the festivity at the schoolhouse. He could not dance, and he had no suitable clothes, but his desire to see the fun finally conquered pride, and he came to the conclusion that he would

go and look on from some dark corner, where he would not be noticed. Accordingly, he was very soon on his way. Entering by the side door to avoid notice, he had to pass through the room where the freezers of cream and boxes of cake stood unopened, and the dishes for the aforesaid articles were ranged in orderly files. It struck him as rather bad management that the servers had not yet arrived, for he himself had come late, and surely the guests would be wanting refreshment soon.

Suddenly there flashed through his mind something he had overheard in town that day. Welton must have forgotten to engage the services of the eaterer's helpers, for Obadiah had distinctly heard the master of one of the great houses of the town making arrangements to have them serve a formal dinner for him that night. It was too late now to do anything.

At that instant another thought occurred to him which made him pause. He hesitated a minute, and then—

"I will do it!" he said to himself.

Fifteen minutes later, Irving Welton, bursting into the room, with wrath and vengeance toward the unworthy helpers written large in every feature, stopped short in utter astonishment at the sight of Obadiah Jenkins quietly dishing ice-cream and arranging cakes.

Obadiah looked up.

"Just a minute and these will be ready, Welton," he said in a most matter-of-fact tone. "If you can head off the people in there for

a very little while, I'll bring these things in, and then stay out here in case you need me."

Irving gasped, but did as he was bid, not stopping to argue. Thanks to Obadiah, everything went smoothly, and not a single guest suspected the serious hitch in the smooth-laid plans of the evening.

Finally, everyone departed save the tired but blissful receiving committee, who had been complimented most lavishly on the success of their party. These immediately betook themselves to the room where Obadiah was still working.

"Say," said Welton, constituting himself spokesman, "you certainly did save the situation this evening, and rescued us from merciless teasing. Seniors are very heartless, as well as very critical. I don't see what made you do it, after the nasty way we acted."

"There was nothing else to do," said Obadiah, simply, and then added, with a twinkle in his eye:

"I did credit to my former occupation, didn't I? Even a 'restaurant helper' can do *some* things well, you see."

All the committee, including the spokesman, looked shamefacedly guilty, and little more was said that night.

The next day, however, Obadiah Jenkins was elected Sophomore Class President by a very large majority. For, as Irving Welton eloquently expressed it:

"The boy that can take hold of a punk situation like that and make a good thing of it is the one *this* class wants for its leader."



The Seventh Hour

Remember how to Mrs. Winton's desk you did
trembling pass,
Having been late to some unheard-of class,
And with awful visions of a gloomy tower,
You heard her repeat the words, "Seventh
hour?"

Or perhaps you remember of talking in the
hall,
When to some good friend a word you did call,
Then some teacher came up, and with voice of
great power,
You heard her repeat the words, "Seventh
hour."

But when you got there, it wasn't so bad;
The teacher wasn't like others you'd had,
And you forgot how, with face so sour,
You heard her repeat the words, "Seventh
hour."

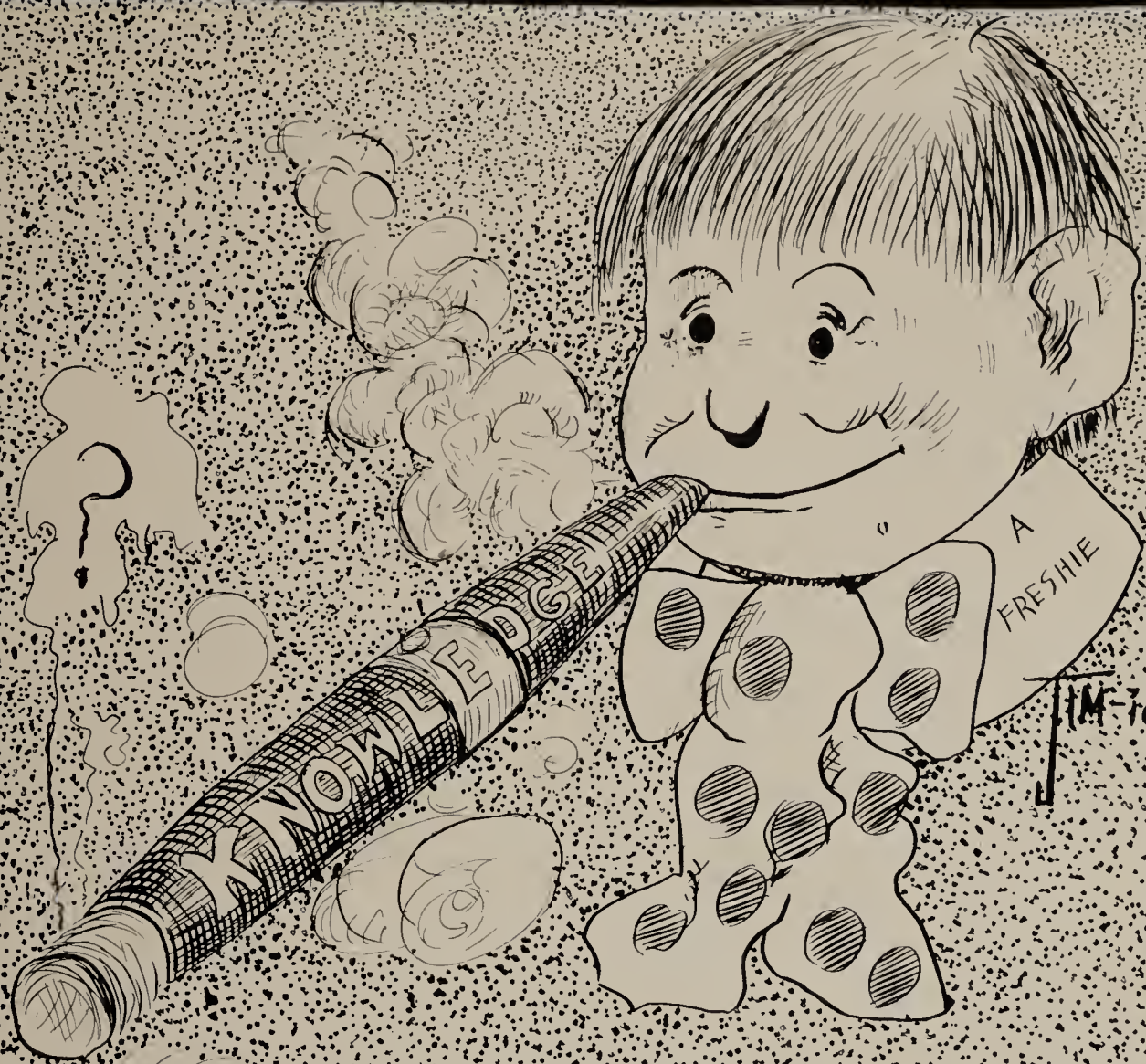
So to Freshmen who would enter our hall,
We leave this message to one and to all:
Don't think they're the worst words under
Heaven's bower,
When you've heard her repeat the words,
"Seventh hour."

RUTH WINCHEL.



Chas. S. Price
DENVER.

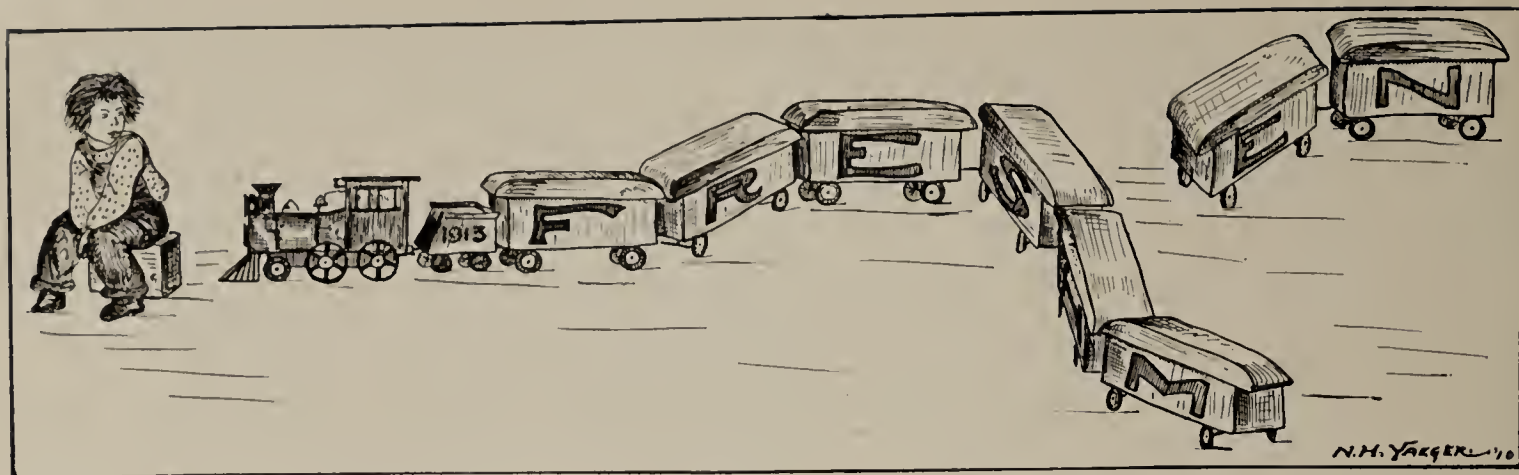
LONGFELLOW FRESHMAN CLASS



Learning How To Smoke

FRESHMEN

N.H. Tager
1910.



History of Class of 1913

ISABELLA WILSON.

Great things usually have small beginnings. The tiny buds that shoot forth in the springtime, if tenderly cared for, will blossom into beauty and fragrance in the summer, and bear a rich harvest by and by.

It was in the month of September, nineteen hundred and nine, that three hundred and fifty-nine tender buds of hope began to sprout in the Longfellow Manual Training High School. They are destined to meet with difficulties before they can fully unfold their petals in the warmth of the Senior year, but being sturdy, they will survive.

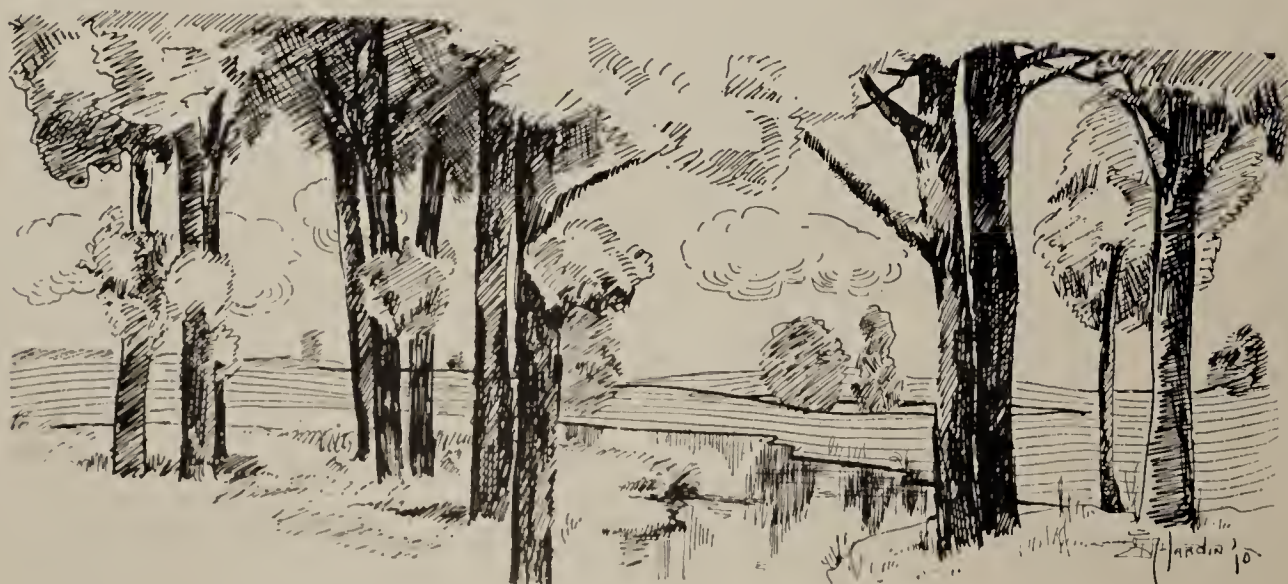
The first great difficulty they encountered was the bitter frost of Algebra. After the first ten weeks of storm, it was surprising to see how many had overcome the chilling D's. The few whose heads were drooping were not entirely frozen, and the saving smudge-pots of Greece and Italy found in the History class soon revived them.

Alas! There was yet another great struggle for them to endure. They were met very suddenly by the dry, hot winds from the English class. The poor, little, delicate things,

unable to withstand the strongest of these, were bowed to the ground.

But all was not storm. There were times when everything seemed to be fair weather. The buds were easily cheered and encouraged by the sunshine of a pleasant smile, and words of praise from the teachers were like refreshing breezes. O, how they delighted in the clay! It was one of the things most pleasant to them. Another great enjoyment they had was the refreshing study hall. Sometimes this was too much for them, and becoming too active, they were sent to the hot-house to be pruned.

It has been said that there are no two leaves exactly alike on the same tree; neither can there be found in the same class two forms, faces or minds exactly alike, and this great Class was no exception. There were to be found buds of many descriptions; from the tiny snowdrops to the stately lily. Some naturally followed artistic lines, and developed art and beauty, while others were made of "sterner stuff" so necessary to life and progress. Yet all are necessary, to contribute to the world's progress and beauty.



Alumni



Manual Alumni at the University of Colorado

1904—

Whitney Huntington, Guy Newkirk, Ralph Grabill.

1906—

Herbert Mosley, Harold H. Healy.

1907—

Mildred Peck, Carl Pease, Horace Holiday.

1908—

Paul Mann, Clarence Royce, Glen Huntington, Henry Doerner, Clarence Crisman, Charles Patch.

1909—

Florence Kendall, Warner Bailey, Sheldon Purdy, Estelle Kyle, John Clauser, Porter Bracc.

At the Colorado School of Mines

1906—

Vincent Jones, Emil Bruderlein, Kenneth Matthison.

1907—

Wilfred Fullerton, Leon Banks, Roy Smith, William Perrigren.

1908—

Frank Harris, Arnold Harris, Charles Broustein, Stephen Keating, Denham Grier, Armistead Carper, Walter Huntington.

1909—

Mearle Wilkinson, Herbert Hammond, James Stewart.

At the University of Denver

1906—

Jessie Ford, Bertram White, Walter Green.

1907—

Mary Allen Green, Ida Wagner.

1908—

Ethel Beardsley, Bessie Moberly, Homer Peabody, Frank Henry, Earl Warner.

1909—

Ellen Gernon, Clayton Parkhill, Belle St. Clair, Ruth Ames, John Jenkins Anna Wilkinson.

At Colorado College

1906—

Gilbert Cary, Sydney Lamb, Earle Hille, Leonard Van Stone.

1907—

Ernest Fowler, Eugene Steele.

1908—

Morris Copeland, Dorothy Cook, Letitia Lamb.

1909—

Katherine True, Alden Root.

Further Notes

1906—

Byron Howse, University of Chicago; Floyd Goldsmith, University of Wisconsin; Helen Swineford, Miami University; Grace Starbird, Miami University; Lee Hyder, Pennsylvania State College; Carl Ferguson, University of Michigan.

1908—

Wm. Rathbun, Purdue University; Cora Truman, Wellesley College; Laura Stevick, Wellesley College; Samuel Carpenter, University of California; Morse Cartwright, University of California; Donald Bent, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Greville Riekard, Yale University; Fritz Nagel, Cornell University; William Irish, Cornell University.

Miss Amy Friedman, '07, is now Mrs. Milton Guldman.

Miss Alma Maynard, ex '08, recently was married to Mr. Harry Grieve, ex '08.

Miss Betsy Smith, '07, and Mr. Fred Van Saun, '04, have been lately married.

Charles Lightburn, '03, and Miss Helen Duckett are married.

Miss Mabel Hallock, ex '08, was married to Eugene Conway of Fort Dodge, Iowa, last summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Cooper, *nee* Helen Brown, both of '07, have a baby boy.

1909—

Margaret Webster, Pratt Institute; Helen Spalding, Pratt Institute; Alexander Ferris, Cornell University; Madeline Everett, Leland Stanford University; Louise Eppieh, Wellesley College; Halsey Welles, Cornell University.

Miss Mattie Nottingham, ex '09, and Frank H. Cuno, '07, were married in September.

It is said that Miss Margaret Williams, '08, is to be married to Mr. Leonard Michael.

Albert Prather, '09, is with a plumbing company in Kansas City.

O. Hickman, '07, is practising dentistry in the city.

Roseoe Stockton, '09, is in business with his father in Denver.

Ernest M. Fowler, '07, is teaching in Seattle.

Ray Humphrey, '09, is in the office of the Colorado Iron Company.

Cupid's Whisperings

Louis Deeze,

Homer Hurford,

Vincent Jones.

Philomena Girardot.



ATHLETICS

CARROLL SHINN.

Athletics

WILLIAM C. BORST.

Early in the history of The Denver Manual Training High School, careful consideration was given to the problem of athletics. That organized sport has a place among school activities was fully recognized. That athletic activity and organization might become injurious to individuals and hence to the school, was equally well known. Two phases of the question were regarded as of primary importance.

The idea that all athletes representing a school should have previously satisfied certain scholarship requirements, was a new one. Of all the high school principals in Colorado who looked forward toward carrying out such ideas, our Mr. Bradley was among the first few, if not actually the first one. Not until a student shows that he has the physical and mental capacity to acquire added power through the successful pursuit of his manual and academic work is he entitled to assume the extra duties and work accompanying the attainment of a place on any athletic team. Years of advocacy of this idea were required before sufficient support from the other high schools came to crystallize this conception into an unwritten law. This regulation is now so firmly established in Colorado that it is accepted without question.

The plan of business management of athletics within our school has been even a more difficult problem to solve. Originally there was no athletic association in our school, and the boys interested in any particular branch of sport would organize, elect a captain and manager, and go their own way. No scholarship requirement was thought of, school authorities were advised only in a casual way in regard to contests, and the school heard of the business policy only when there was urgent need of funds for outfitting a team, or more likely when bills from supply houses came after the close of the season. Dealers in athletic supplies were repeatedly warned that unless orders were signed by the principal, bills would not be paid; notwithstanding this, bills continued to come, and the school was

compelled to assume control of all business arrangements. Other Denver high schools met with similar experiences, with the result that all of them were obliged to take the same stand.

For many years The Manual Athletic Association, composed of students and teachers, has had control of athletics through a Board of Directors elected annually, and composed of eight student members and four faculty members. The actions of this Board are subject to review by the Principal. Within recent years, the treasurer and managers of athletic teams have been faculty members. While the business management of all athletic branches is directly under faculty supervision, student members come in contact with the various details in such a way as to give them an intimate knowledge of the practical methods of handling our business interests. The treasurer receives all money for the Association, pays out money only on the order of the Board of Directors, and accounts regularly to this Board. The Constitution provides that the Board can not contract any indebtedness unless there is money at the time in the hands of the Treasurer sufficient to meet it. The provision prevents our Association from being unable to meet its obligations, and has proved its worth many times.

While the enthusiasm and school loyalty which athletic contests promote are most desirable, they should not be allowed to usurp any place properly belonging to the regular work of the school. With this idea in mind, The Manual Athletic Association has this year inaugurated a plan whereby a larger number of students than formerly can witness contests without being constantly importuned to support athletics. The plan makes membership in the Association worth while, through offering, among other things, the privilege of purchasing season tickets at greatly reduced expense. The purchase of necessary supplies is the only ground upon which an athletic association can base its claim for financial support. Dues and admission fees should be no larger than necessary to provide such a sum.

While much has been justly urged against certain phases of athletic sport, certain it is that under wise and manly direction on the athletic field boys may receive a training which is a wholesome and stimulating asset in their more mature activities.

Our Representatives

Debate

Galbreath, Willis, Davidson, Venacke

Stevens Prize

R. Reeves, Patterson, Williams, Willis

Football

Knowles (Capt.), Aldrich, Barker, Dodge, Galbreath, Irvine, Kennedy, Lee, Lynch, Mangini, McIntosh, Parkhill, Paulicheck, Taylor, F. Walter

Basketball

Paulicheck (Capt.), Aldrich, Baker, C. Beck, H. Beck, Dumars, Hoskinson, McIntosh, Taylor

Basketball, Girls

Walker (Capt.), Burnham, Cook, Kitching, James, D. Reeves, Swallow, A. Walter, R. Winchel, White, Wrigley, Woodruff

Baseball

Lutz (Capt.), Dodge, Harrington, Kennedy, Maloney, MacIntosh, Paulicheck, F. Walter, Williams, Wikoff

Track

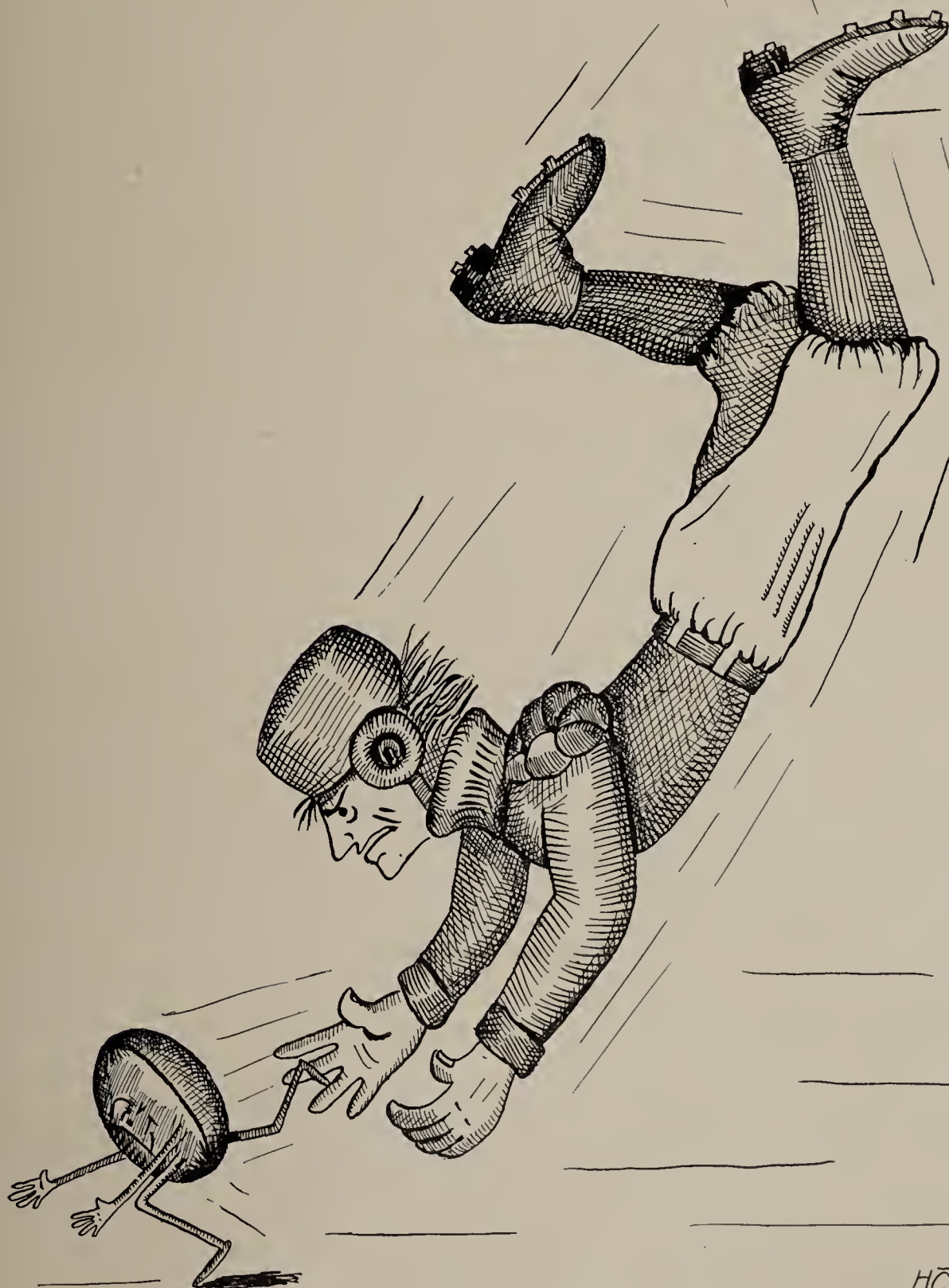
Wikoff (Capt.), Baker, C. Beck, H. Beck, Doud, Muncaster, E. Smith, Shugren

Cadets (Guer Trophy Drill)

Eichelberger, Albertson



FOOTBALL



H.C. YAEGER

Football

The football season of 1909 proved a far greater success than did the two preceding years. True, we lost the championship, but by the narrowest of margins, and to all Manualites a recompense was found in our double defeat of East Denver. This was made possible largely because of the Manual spirit, which was prevalent at all the games. The greater part of every crowd was composed of Manual rooters, the record for attendance at a city championship game being broken Thanksgiving Day, when Manual and East Denver met. It is estimated that over three thousand were present.

THE PRACTICE GAMES.

Manual	6
University of Colorado Freshmen	0
Manual	0
Denver University Freshmen	17
Manual	11
Colo. Springs High School	12

With thirty-five candidates, eight of them old men, out for positions on the team, the season opened brightly for Manual. On September 25 the team went to Boulder for its first game. Although the Freshmen outweighed us at every point, the Manual backs tore through them time after time. The only touchdown was made in the second half by Knowles. Lee kicked goal. The following Saturday, Manual met the Denver University Freshman team. Manual was in the game every minute, but their heavy opponents rolled up a score of seventeen to Manual's nothing. The best work for D. U. was done by two old Manual stars, M. Walker and H. Martin. October 9, Manual played a practice game with the Colorado Springs High School. Just before this game, the only serious accident of the year occurred when, during practice, Aldrich injured his hip in running. This necessitated a quick change in the back field, which was probably the cause of our being defeated, since we lost by but one point.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES.

Manual	6	Boulder Preps ...	0
Manual	16	South Denver	3
Manual	6	North Denver	15
Manual	3	East Denver	0
Manual	11	East Denver	0
Manual	0	North Denver	2

The first championship game was against the Boulder Preps at Boulder. It was a good game, hard and snappy from beginning to end, both teams playing the highest grade of football. Aldrich was still out of the game, MacIntosh taking his place at half, and Walters replacing Mac at end. During the first half there was little to choose between the two teams, but in the second, the Manual machine began to tear great gaps in the Prep line. Fullback Knowles made continual gains of ten or fifteen yards, and the ball was quickly carried to the Preps' five-yard line. Here they held grimly and finally punted out of danger. But again Manual carried the ball toward the goal. The Preps got possession, punted, and soon after, recovering it, attempted to punt again. This time Mangini broke through and blocked the kick. Galbreath, seizing the ball, ran for a touchdown. Lee kicked goal. Manual was again threatening Boulder's goal line when the whistle blew. The final score was six to nothing. Over a hundred rooters accompanied the team in a special train, and on returning to Denver, helped D. U. lift the roof off the Tabor.

The second game, that with South Denver, was not so interesting a contest. Our opponents played gamely, but were completely outclassed. Some excitement was caused by the reappearance of Aldrich, who immediately made a speedy dash for twenty yards.

October 30 was a day of darkness and gloom. It was nearly dark when the game began, and in the second half the players were enveloped in a cloud of dust. As the dark deepened, North Denver obtained the ball, and, using split-bucks, gained a touchdown without much difficulty.

This defeat was handily wiped out by a splendid victory over West Denver November

5. West played a hard game, but they were outclassed. Through the good work of all, especially that of Halfback Kennedy, the result was a complete victory for Manual, twenty-three to nothing.

Manual first met East Denver November 13, on a miserable field. As a preliminary, the Manual Freshmen played East Denver's Freshmen a five to five tie. When the game began, the field had been trampled into a sea of mud. This made ordinary playing difficult, and spectacular playing impossible. No great gains were made, but Manual kept the ball in the "Angels'" territory. Kennedy did the best work. Three times Lee made unsuccessful attempts at field goals. The ball was so heavy that, although they were splendid kicks, they missed.

The fourth time, he was successful; the pigskin flew squarely between the posts. Score three to nothing.

That night was spent in celebration by the Manual rooters. The team occupied two boxes at the Tabor, while the rooters were up in the gallery "raising Ned." Some days later we learned that East Denver was going to contest the game. The final score was made seven minutes after the game should have ended. This was according to an arrangement of the coaches that, in case of a tie, the game should continue until a score could be made. Such a proceeding was against a strict interpretation of the rules of the interscholastic association, which limits halves to twenty-five minutes. We now are glad that East Denver did contest. It gave us another chance to pull another and bigger handful of feathers from the "Angels'" wings. After a lengthy consideration and much losing of sleep, the Athletic Board decided that the game was a tie as far as the championship was concerned, and ordered the game replayed November 25.

Thanksgiving morning opened bright and sunny, with the field in splendid condition. For the first few minutes of the game, East had rather the best of it, and Manual people were uneasy. Then Manual took the offensive, and we breathed easier. For some time the ball played back and forth near the middle of the field. Art Aldrich then made himself famous. On an end run, he carried the ball nearly to the side lines. Then, doubling through the whole East Denver team, he tore

down the field. Through a technicality, the goal was not kicked. In the second half, Manual, though having rather the best of it, was unable to get within striking distance of their opponents' goal line. Toward the end of the half, MacIntosh got the ball on an onside kick by Paulieheck, and carried it over the line for five more points. Lee kicked goal. Through a series of sensational plays, desperate East Denver took the ball dangerously near the Manual goal. But as the whistle blew, Manual had recovered from the momentary weakness.

Final score, 11—0.

But it almost came to an end when the parade, which was escorting the East Denver coffin, was waylaid by the newsies in front of the Post. A delightful scrap resulted.

The final game of the season, December 5, was played in zero weather at Broadway Park, on a field of snow. By the end of the first half, the ball was covered with ice and the players' hands were numb with cold. In spite of the bitter weather, the football was of the highest grade. Each team made several unsuccessful attempts at field goals. The conditions made it almost impossible for a good kick. Just before the final whistle, North scored a safety, and so won the Northern Division Championship of Colorado by a score of 2—0.

Throughout the season, Captain and Fullback Knowles not only proved a very successful leader, but also a back of first-class ability. In this his third year on the team, Knowles made frequent gains, always picking the holes of the opposing team. On defense, his work was the best seen in many years. He well deserves the fullback position on the ALL-STAR team which is awarded him by most critics.

Manual was also fortunate in having two exceptionally fast halfbacks, Aldrich and Kennedy. Aldrich did some of the most sensational playing of the year. Had he been able to play the entire season, we doubt if Prouty of North Denver would have won the ALL STATE position. Kennedy, righthalf, did not play as sensational a game, but covered as large distances by making more consistent gains on every play. He was placed on the ALL DENVER selection, but not on

the ALL COLORADO. For one of the most important positions on the team, Manual did not have an experienced player. Dodge played a good game, but was forced to give way to Irvine in the last game, on account of injuries.

The only four-year man on the team was Irvine. Seat played a fast, heady game at left end and quarterback. He was troubled throughout the season by injuries received in 1908, and his work was hardly as good as in past years. He also was selected for the ALL DENVER team.

At right end, Manual made one of the discoveries of the season in MacIntosh. Although only a Freshman, he made his opponents sit up and pay attention. In the North Denver game he got down the field in fine shape, landing his man. He is heavy, speedy, and a strong fighter from beginning to end. His equal when he has played his four years will be hard to find.

Panlicheck occupied his old position at left tackle, and played his usual good offensive game. This year nearly all the punting fell upon him. In the majority of his games, Polly outdistanced his rivals. In the North Denver contest, when everything counted, he was suffering from a badly sprained ankle, and did not do so well.

Lee proved another find of the year. In his position at right tackle, he proved a very strong contender for the ALL DENVER team. It was in his goal kicking, however, that he proved most useful. We will always remember his princeton in the first East Denver game. It came in the nick of time.

At guard, Mannaal was represented by three men during the season—Taylor, Galbreath, and Lynch. Taylor played left guard

as last year, and became known as one of the headiest and fastest men on the team. While he is light, he frequently broke through and spoiled our opponents' plays. On punts, he often got down before the ends, and nailed the man with the ball. Galbreath was unable to play the season through, and his good work was limited to the Boulder Prep. game. Lynch was an able substitute, and he played a noticeably steady, though not a sensational game.

At center, Manual had in Mangini another man of high class. He played a magnificent game on offensive, breaking up plays at most important junctures, and on defense his passing was almost perfect. He was unanimously placed on the ALL COLORADO team.

As in the past years, C. W. Zeilman was coach of the football team. Mr. Zeilman has a great influence in the improvement of the status of Athletics at Manual, and has met with considerable success. It is generally conceded that such good results as the school had were largely the result of his unremitting attention. It is hoped that he will remain at the helm next year.

The closing event of the year, after the presentation of the "M's" by Principal Bradley, was a meeting of all members of the team. After Mr. Zeilman had been presented with a beautifully mounted fountain pen, Wilson Kennedy was unanimously elected Captain for 1910. The leadership of the fast halfback will do much towards a good team next year. Although only five of the men who gained their emblems will return, yet there is plenty of excellent material in sight. With a school like Manual behind them, and a season as successful as this to spur them on, next year's team should be right at the top, and the championship should come to the Red and the Blue.



BASKET BALL





Boys' Basketball

This season Manual carried off the second consecutive Basketball Championship of the city of Denver. The team which did this was practically the same as last year, and the experience that Manual thus had was sufficient to defeat her opponents, even though the other schools had far better teams than before. Our closest opponent was, at all times, North Denver, and at their hands we suffered our only defeat. East Denver gave us hard games, yet the scores were well in our favor.

The season opened with a game with our "ancient rivals," East Denver. In the first half the "Angels" had things humming, and the score at its close was 11—11. In the second half, Manual came back stronger, and with a splendid exhibition of basketball placed the game in our favor, 37—18. The score was largely the result of the excellent work of our tall center, C. Beck, who put up a marvelously cool yet fast game. The greater part of the scoring was done in the last seven minutes of play.

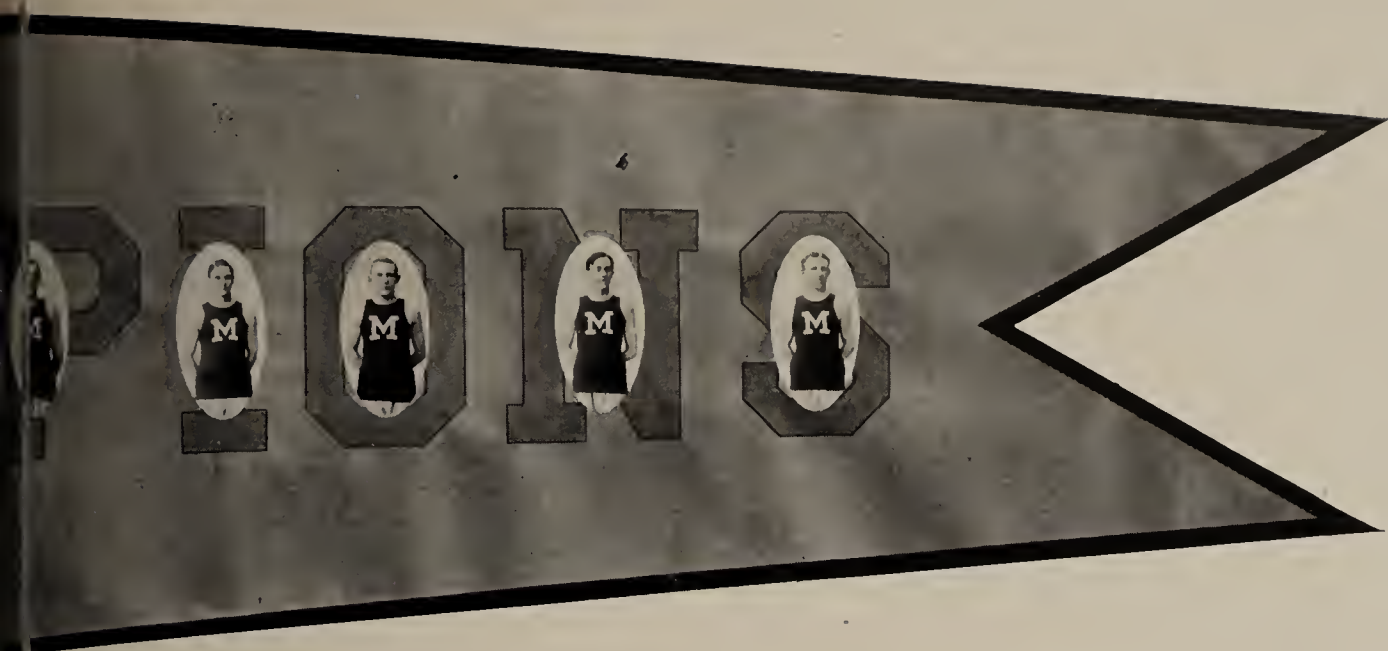
The following week we met South Denver, and a replica of the East Denver game was produced. In the early stages, Manual did not seem sufficiently warmed up, and the tally

for the first half was 13—9 in favor of the "Babes." Again our tall fellows got to working, and in the last half reversed conditions. Paulicheck and C. Beck were easily the stars, and each netted a dozen points for the school. Final score, 31—16.

The game with West Denver was nothing less than a farce. Several substitutes were used by us, and as our men played carelessly, fouls were frequent. In spite of this, the score ended 30—13 in favor of the Blue and the Red.

On January 29, we met our only defeat, at the hands of North Denver. The team was in miserable condition. Claude Beck was out of the game with a sprained ankle, and Taylor should not have played, through a similar injury. Even with this handicap, we had far the better of the first half, and made nine points to our opponents four. In the second half, the pace told on our weakened team, and North came out the victor, with the score 11—10 in their favor.

After a rest of a week, during which West Denver withdrew from the league and disbanded her team, we played our second game with East Denver. Baker took the place



of Aldrich at guard, and, in the second half, Dumars replaced Taylor. This game was very different from the first contest. At the end of the first half, we showed a good lead of 20—12. In the second, East began to catch up, and while the game was never in doubt, yet the final score, 28—25, was close. The Beck brothers scored the most points this time.

February 26 occasioned another victory for Manual, again by a low score, when we beat South Side 10—5. The game was not so close as the score would indicate, and only excellent guard work by South and poor basket throwing by Manual kept the game even. The "Babes" did not get a single basket; all of their points were made on fouls, of which both teams made a great number. Neither Beck nor Paulieheck were in form, and they could not score on fouls made by South. This game gave us a good lead in the championship race, as both South and East had defeated North Denver.

The last game was probably the best of the whole season. The score was 21—15; a good victory for Manual. In the first half, North Side took the lead, and while the teams were about equally matched, the score ended 11—6 in their favor. In the second half, Manual completely turned the tables. North only made four points in this half. On the other hand, Manual played a magnificent game. Claude Beck scored the most points, and was

ably assisted by Paulieheck and the rest of the team to increase our lead on the North Siders. This game finally clinched our hold on the championship, with a good lead on the other schools.

All the games of this season were well attended; the gymnasium at the Y. M. C. A. was always crowded to capacity. Manual was usually the best represented, partly because the team put up such good games. This year, Manual had a team that was easily the best of the League. Our team work was good, although hardly better than last year, and, playing an open game, made it most interesting for the spectators.

For next year, there are good prospects for another Championship team. True, we lose seven of the nine men getting M's, but there is still plenty of good material in the school. To get into the form displayed this year will mean work and plenty of it, but we believe that Manual will be as well represented against the other Denver High Schools as in the past two years.

At the time of going to press, no captain has been elected for next year. The men who composed the team were:

FORWARDS: H. Beck, Baker, Hoskinson, Paulieheck.

CENTER: C. Beck.

GUARDS: Taylor, Aldrich, Dumars, MacIntosh.



Girls' Basketball

This is the second year that the girls of Manual have accomplished anything in basketball. In the beginning they worked under great difficulties, but finally obtained the Bath House for practice. The committee for Girls Athletics decided that there should be no match games between the schools.

The girls practiced twice a week throughout the season and with Miss Millar as coach, accomplished a great deal.

Their principal opponents were Wolfe Hall and East Denver, and as these teams were

composed of girls that have played together for several years, the Manual girls did not consider their defeats great ones.

The second team was very successful in the games that it played. Both Wolfe Hall's and East Denver's second teams were defeated.

The last game that the girls played was with East Denver, in which Ella Walker played as jumping center; Margery James, stationary center; Gladys White and Mable Burnham, forwards; Grace Swallow and Gerta Woodruff, guards.



TRACK





1909 TRACK TEAM

The 1909 Track Season

Last year the *Annual* went to press before an accurate write-up of the track season could be given. So it will not be amiss to give it now.

The Manual Track Team had last year an unusually successful season after what had seemed a poor beginning. The team showed improvement in every meet in which they entered, and gave great promise for the next, that is, this year.

Early in the spring the cross-country bunch brought one city championship home by winning the Denver cross country run on April 3. Manual's victory was by the narrow margin of 33 points, but that was sufficient for us. Luhr Jensen was the first man to cross the tape after a hard run with Tobin, of East Denver, who took second place. Their contest had been a pretty one from start to finish, but the Manual man pulled away on the home stretch, and won with some to spare.

The second Manual man to finish was Lee Doud. The score for the meet was: Manual, 345; East Denver, 312; North, 304; West, 134; South, 76. The time made by Jensen was 20 minutes 51 seconds, for a three and a half mile course.

The track season opened with the Colorado Springs meet. Here Manual took second place with 21 points, while East netted 39½. A couple of weeks later, Manual suffered another defeat at Boulder meet, but, in spite of our low score, Manual men figured in the finish of nearly every event. Our relay team was

unfortunate in getting in a very slow heat, and although victorious by a big distance, the time was not fast enough to net us any points.

The Denver Track Meet resulted in one of the closest races that has ever occurred in the history of this event. The teams finished: East, 44; North, 44; Manual, 42, South, 5, and West, 0. Wikoff took the 100 yards in 10.3 on a slow track; Bailey and Walter tied for second place in the high jump. In the weights, Manual only got one point, when Smith took third place in the hammer. We also failed in the 880 and mile runs and the 120 hurdles. Muneaster took a third in the 220-yard dash, and Walter a third in the pole vault. Harold Beck was first in the quarter mile, springing a complete surprise on every one.

In the 220 yards hurdles we were unfortunate, for, although Manual men took first in every heat, Muneaster was disqualified in favor of Griffen of East for knocking down one of the hurdles. The penalty was perfectly just, but caused us to lose the meet. In the broad jump Manual men, Wikoff, Beck and Bailey took every place. Last, but very far from least, our relay team easily captured the relay race in slow time, with East in second and North in third place.

The times and the distances made at this meet were very good, when consideration is taken of the cool weather and the extremely slow track. Most of the events were hard fought, and the spectators were on their toes up to the last race.

The 1910 Track Season

The 1910 track season has, for Manual, only just begun. The first meet run off was only of minor consideration, and was largely a try-out of the various candidates of the team. The meet, held April 20, was with the Warren Academy of D. U., and resulted in a victory for Manual by the narrow margin of 70—63. Captain Wikoff did not run the 220 dash, and Muneaster was also in poor form. The times and distances made, it will be noticed, were very good for so advanced a date

and so slow a track. Warren Academy has a good team this year, and gave us a good run for the victory.

100-Yard Dash—Time, 10.3—

Wikoff, M.; Templin, W.; Bowen, W.

220 Dash—Time, 24—

Templin, W.; C. Beck, M.; Babcock, W.

440 Run—Time, 57.2—

Babcock, W.; H. Beck, M.; Taussig, W.

Mile Run—Time, 5:17—

Burkett, W.; Doud, M.; Leyden, W.

880 Run—Time, 2:16—

Burkett, W.; Doud, M.; O'Neil, M.

120 Hurdles—Time, 18—

C. Beck, M.; H. Beck, M.; Burkett, W.

220 Hurdles—Time, 30.3—

C. Beck, M.; H. Beck, M.; Morris, M.

High Jump—Height, 5 ft. 1—

Brown, W.; Mulford, W.; Davidson, W.

Broad Jump—Distance, 19.9—

Wikoff, M.; Long, W.; Templin, W.

Pole Vault—Height, 9 ft. 3—

Mulford, W.; Smith, M.; Holly, W.

H. Throw—99.4 ft.—

Smith, M.; Parkhill, M.; Leyden, W.

Discus—89.2 ft.—

Shugren, M.; Leyden, W.; Biggs, W.

Shot Put—35.7 ft.—

Muncaster, M.; Biggs, W.; Leyden, W.

880 Relay—Manual won in 1:41—

C. Beck, H. Beck, Wikoff, Baker.



MANUAL WINS AT COLORADO SPRINGS

Manual won the Colorado Springs Track Meet on April 30, by the narrow margin of 31 points to North Denver's 27. Colorado Springs trailed in third, with 18. East Denver didn't get a peek.

Wikoff and the Beck Brothers were the Manual stars, and each took a first place. The 100-yard dash resulted in an easy victory for Wikoff, and he was not pressed at any time. In the 120 hurdles, Harold and Claude Beck ran a dead heat, which was given to Harold by the judges. Had Claude been awarded

this event, he would have won the individual cup. In the 220 hurdles, Manual had another walk-away. Claude Beck won this event in time which tied the State record.

The relay was the most exciting event of the day, and the victory here gave us the meet. Manual was never badly pressed, and won from East Denver with ease. North took third.

The day was a little cold and very windy, but in spite of that, two State records were smashed, and others nearly equaled.



Two Championship Teams

At Manual, the years of 1908-1909 proved that baseball can, if the games are good enough, draw nearly as large crowds as football. In these seasons, Manual put up some of the best baseball ever seen in High School circles, and therefore had very little trouble in carrying off two state championships.

In the spring of 1908, Manual started out with a team composed largely of green material. But, if green at first, the men soon gained experience and confidence, and then surprised everyone by a season of victories over the other high schools. All our games were very close, and it was only our superior headwork and excellent fielding that won us the large end of the score.

After having met all the Denver high schools, we played Golden High, and won 9—2, in the easiest game of the year. Lastly, Colorado Springs High, the Southern champs, played us here for the State honors. This was the hardest contested of our games, and only very fast playing enabled us to score three runs to their none.

Nineteen hundred and nine again saw many changes in our line-up, but the men settled down to work earlier in the season. A long string of practice games put us in excellent trim, and also into the spirit of victory. This year, our games with West and North were veritable walk-aways.

East Denver had, however, a team of our own caliber, and to win our first game by a score of 4—2 needed the best of our work and Paulicheck's best pitching. In our second game with them, W. Bailey pitched for us. After a struggle of twelve innings, the "Angels" were victorious by a score of 3—2.

We easily beat the Boulder Preps, 4—1,

and then journeyed to Colorado Springs, and there played the Springs High School. Manual played at her best, and with an errorless game defeated them by a tally of 4—2. In this game, Paulicheck struck out sixteen men and allowed but five hits, against what was considered the hardest hitting bunch in the State.

Manual's victories may be best attributed to the consistent fielding and to the fine base running of the team. Neither squad was what would be considered good hitters, and Manual is everywhere known as the "bunting team." Our games were always fast, and unmarred by any signs of rowdyism or rough play. The magnificent team work was entirely due to the tireless work of Coach C. W. Zeilman, who, himself, an excellent player, has the ability to transmit his knowledge to others. The captains of these two teams, C. Royce and W. Bailey, had also much to do with the wonderful playing of the teams. Our games were won by headwork, and, as such, we are and always will be proud of the achievements of the baseball teams who represented us.

1908.		1909.	
Patterson.....	P.	Paulicheck
Royce.....	C.	Kobey
Lutz.....	1 B.	Lutz
W. Bailey.....	2 B.	W. Bailey
Wikoff.....	S. S.	Wikoff
Peabody.....	3 B.	R. Bailey
Walters.....	L. F.	F. Walters
R. Bailey.....	C. F.	E. Walters
Swallow	}	}	Wrigley
Bronstein			
Nagel			
			Harrington

Baseball 1910

THE PRACTICE GAMES

Manual 7, Golden High 6.

Manual 8, D. U. 6.

Manual 4, Colo. College 7.

Manual 3, U. of Colo. 12.

Manual 5, D. U. Preps 4 (12 innings).

Manual 3, Colo. College 10.

Manual 3, D. U. 6.

Manual 6, Lafayette High 0.

Manual 3, D. U. 9.

Manual 11, D. U. Preps. 3.

The spring baseball practice began on February 28. at City Park, with about sixty candidates out for the first week or so. Interest was aroused in the beginning by a series of class games, in which the Seniors, who had four regulars in their line-up, won the championship.

The early games showed up the greenness of the new men, and the team did a lot of ragged work. However, through hard practice, under the watchful eye of Coach Zeilman, the team rounded into the form shown last year. The later games placed us on our feet, and our fielding improved greatly.

CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES.

Manual 16, South Denver 4.

Manual 1. East Denver 5.

Manual 5, West Denver 3.

Manual 18, North Denver 1.

The championship season opened with the South Denver game on April 16. Manual had a walkaway over the Southerners, Paulieheck just tossing the ball across the plate. At the stick, too, he was the star, with three hits out of five times up, and a home run on an error. Lutz also did well, with three bingles, one a double.

Of the 23rd of April, the less said the better. The whole team took a slump, and not only fielded poorly, but ran bases badly, and

were unable to hit at opportune moments. Paulieheck's arm was in very bad shape, and he was removed to right field at the end of the second inning, after one run had crossed the plate. Kennedy, who replaced him, pitched good ball, but errors at critical moments gave East two in the third and two more in the eighth. Our only tally was through some magnificent base running by McIntosh, and a hit by Dodge in the fourth. At other times we seemed about to score, but failed at the crucial moment.

On account of the Colorado Springs track meet, the West Denver game was played Friday afternoon. The game was a close one, but Manual took the big end of a 5—3 score in a seven-inning contest. On this occasion we were able to bat more like pennant winners, and, but for one error, West would not even have pressed us. As it was, the game was a fast one and interesting for the spectators. Kennedy pitched good ball, though he was a little wild in the first two innings. McIntosh and Kennedy each got a hit every time they got up, one of "Grouch's" being for three bases.

In all, the team is such that, in spite of a bad start to handicap us, we hope to corral the pennant once more. The school is showing the usual Manual spirit, and with a coach like C. W. Zeilman, there is every chance for Manual's gaining more glory and renown.



Longfellow Athletics



Wm. Williams, Wm. Handy, Wm. Von Ehrenkrook, Alfred Hinkle, Ralph Alstead, Mgr.: Leslie Taufenbach, Norman Ward (Captain); Geo. Johnson, Norman Anderson, Harry Boot, Harry Robertson, Warren Robertson, Everett Huntington, Victor Whitmore, Elmer Snyder.

GAMES—

Sherman School 5, Longfellow 17; Sacred Heart Junior 0, Longfellow 3; North Side Freshmen 0, Longfellow 0; E. D. H. S. Latin School 5, Longfellow 5.

The Sherman School was the champion grammar school team for 1909.

Sacred Heart Juniors had not been previously defeated in seven years.

The E. D. H. S. Freshmen were the champion team of E. D. H. S. class teams, and combined with the Latin School team, anticipated an easy victory.

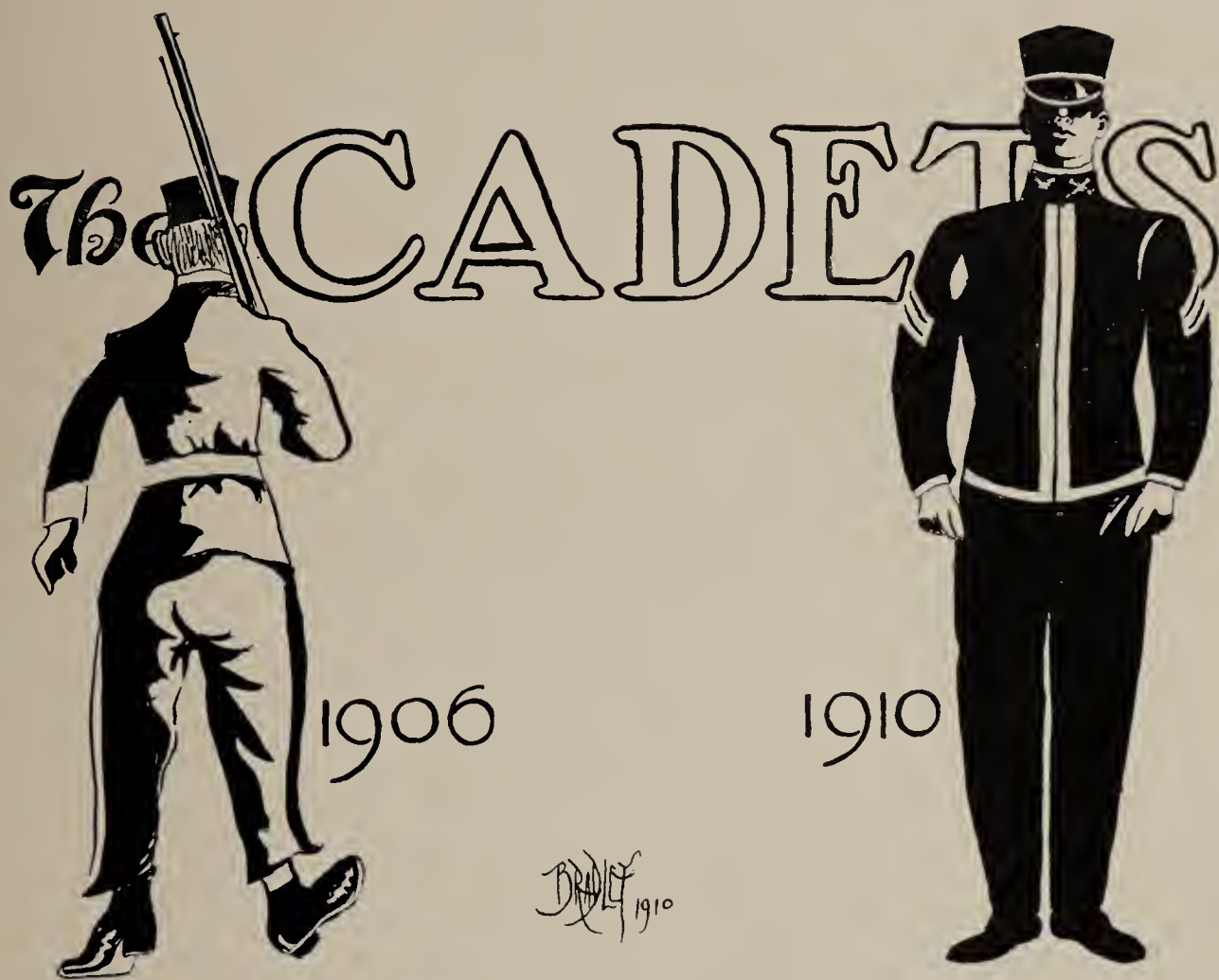
The team was well supported by the school, \$60.00 being subscribed for an Athletic fund with which neat suits were furnished. The ball was a gift from Dr. Fynn.

The school being assembled in the halls, Mr. Kirby, after one of his witty talks, presented each member with an "L" of Manual blue, closing a successful season for the Longfellow School.

A basketball team was organized, and George Johnson elected Captain, but, owing to the fact that no ball could be secured for practice, the team was compelled to disband.

John MacIntosh has been elected Captain of the Freshmen Baseball team. Material seems plentiful, and Longfellow will undoubtedly be represented by a good team.

Von Ehrenkrook is captain of the Track Team, and John MacIntosh manager.





Company “C”

“C” Company, though not the largest, is one of the most wide-awake organizations in the city.

The fall and winter drills were spent in learning the elementary movements, but with the approach of spring other lines of work have engaged this Company.

The banquet on December 19, 1909, at the Albany Hotel, was largely attended. General Irving Hale, Colonel Kelly, Captain Strickland of the National Guard, and Mr. Patterson Fisher, the first Captain of the Cadets, delivered speeches.

Practice marches, which have been enjoyable as well as instructive, have been undertaken. The maneuvers which take place on these marches add to the pleasure. On one of them, "C" Company defended the town of Sullivan.

Target practice was started in March. Each school has joined the National Rifle Association. This organization offers medals for indoor and outdoor shooting.

The National Rifle Association offers three sets of medals for a team of ten men from each school. Troop "B" offers a set of medals for a team of four from each Company.

Wall sealing and single sticks have been practiced outside of drill hours. "C" Company has a fast wall-sealing team, while several members are experts with single sticks.

The Annual Cadet entertainment is being eagerly looked forward to, and each Company is working hard in preparation. The most important number on the program is the Guyer trophy drill to determine the best drilled cadet in the city. Sergeant Holaday, of "C," tied with the winner in this event last year. Wall sealing, single stick and squad drilling contests are also held at that time.

Leslie Eichelberger, Sergeant of Company "C," won the Guyer Trophy drill April 29. Had there been a second prize, it also would have been won by Manual, as Sergeant Albertson was a very close second.

Cadet activities for 1909 and 1910 will end with the camp which will probably be held at Palmer Lake. There sham battles, field meets, baseball games between Companies and "Kangaroo" courts make the time fly.

CAPT. H. H. KERR.





Company “B”

Company “B” of the Denver High School Cadets has its barracks at the Longfellow School. It is composed of ninth grade boys, except those noncommissioned and commissioned officers who go twice a week to drill them. At the beginning of the year, the officers always work at a disadvantage in organizing a company, because they cannot be among the boys to arouse enthusiasm, but must rely upon the interest shown by the members in getting other recruits. In spite of this drawback, the Company is one of the largest in the Battalion, and one of the best.

“B” Company has the honor of having, as an officer, Lieut. Ralph Smith, who, out of the Battalion, won the individual rifle medal offered by the National Rifle Association. The month of March was devoted to indoor rifle practice, and during spring vacation the Companies went out to the rifle range and had long-range shooting. A Rifle Squad is to be selected from the Battalion to shoot in competition with one of the State squads.

The Company bought white belts, and Major J. E. Hutchingson issued bayonets which further completes the equipment of a soldier.

The School Board has given the Company the use of a room for an armory, and the boys

are taking a renewed interest in decorating and furnishing it, eating there at noon and having a place of their own.

The Third Annual Cadet Banquet was a great success this year, both in the number present and the menu offered. Fine addresses were given by our guests. “B” Company was well represented.

The Battalion was aroused to much activity in preparing for the Annual Military display, which was the best yet placed before the public.

The Battalion has had several practice marches to places well situated for attacking, accompanied by maneuvers and a general good time.

CAPT. ERWIN F. BAKER.

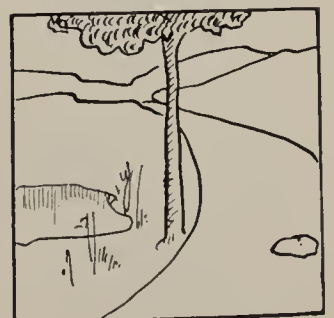
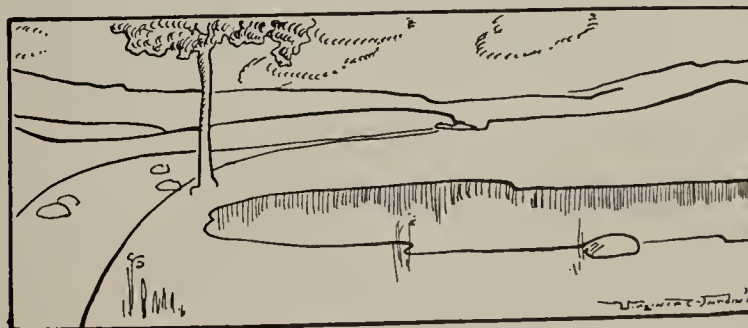
OFFICERS OF “B” COMPANY.

ERWIN F. BAKER, Captain.

VERNON KIMBER, First Lieutenant.

RALPH SMITH, First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant Staff.

DEAN SHOWALTER, Second Lieutenant and Battalion Quartermaster and Commissary Staff.



Cadet Officials



ANDERSON	E. SMITH	SODERSTROM	R. SMITH	SHOWALTER	KIMBER
	KERR	SHUGREN	HUNT	BAKER	



CLUBS AND SOCIAL EVENTS





OFFICERS.

H. BURNHAM STONE President
 PERCY GILES (Resigned).
 W. PETERSON Vice-President
 HAZEL WALLACK Secretary

NEVA CARD Treasurer
 JOHN GOE (Resigned).
 G. COLLINS Sergeant-at-Arms
 MISS BATIONE Honorary Critic

El Club Castellano was organized by the Spanish students of the Class of 1910, in their Junior year. The Club started with only a few members, and their number gradually increased to thirty-two. At the meetings, Spanish music and Spanish composition were the main features. Several informal meetings were held at the homes of different members, and these proved so successful that they have been continued this year.

The influence of the Club was such that more students than ever before became interested in Spanish, with the result that this year new Spanish classes had to be formed. A majority of the beginners joined the Club, and will continue the work next year. The amount of interest at the beginning of the

year showed that the Club was to be permanent, and it was therefore decided to procure pins.

To encourage Spanish conversation, a play was selected and has been rehearsed at the regular meetings. The play is in English, but everything except the lines of the play must be spoken in Spanish. There is a heavy fine of one cent per word for English spoken during this time. The play is a good one—so good, in fact, that Miss Batione thought a chaperone was necessary at the rehearsals. It has not been definitely decided whether the play will be produced this year or not. However, the rehearsals have been a great benefit to the Club, and have made the meetings very interesting and very well attended.

Who's Who in El Club Castellano

Miss Batione, Extranjera al Club.
 Hazel Wallack, La que Trabaja.
 Lela Kitching, La Cantatriz.
 Wallace Peterson, Idolo de Matinee.
 Neva Card, La Duenna.
 Helen Jefferay, La Mesonera Diestro.
 Grace Swallow, Pequena Violeta.
 Virginia Hardin, La Heroína.
 Luhr Jensen, El Actor (con noive).

Luther Lightburn, Diccionario de Tonteria.
 Burnham Stone, El Ejemplo Brillante.
 Ned Yaeger, Un Otro Actor.
 Forbes Parkhill, El Actor Tragico.
 Hal Yaeger, Un Galan Joven.
 Bert Ridburg, El Tiburon.
 Gerald Collins, El Colector de Propinas.
 Gladys Clark, El Programa.
 Velma Powers, Senorita Peripuesta.



Glee Clubs



The Boys' Glee Club

Early in September the coals of last year's musical prodigies were seen smouldering around school, waiting for the wave of Orpheus's wand to stir them into a blaze. After the school had settled down to work, a teacher, called Orpheus by some, and Swan by others, assembled the boys, and organized the Glee Club. Under the able leadership of "Orpheus," the kinks and frogs were soon removed from the boys' vocal cords. Strains of melody were heard floating through the building, and so pleased the students that they stretched their ears for more. From their first appearance to the last, the Glee Club made a howling success.

A quartet of the best voices was selected from the club. They are known as the M. T. H. S. Quartet. They have made several public appearances, and were always well received.

The Girls' Glee Club

During the second quarter, the Glee Club was reorganized among the girls, for the purpose of developing their musical abilities. Miss Tenney was chosen director, and to her kind and helpful criticism the Club owes its success.

The girls have been unable to appear before an audience but twice. Once during the Stevens Prize Contest, at the First Baptist Church. Again they appeared at the regular Tuesday assembly in the Auditorium. This was by far the most appreciated program held at school this year. The encore, "The Haymakers' Chorus," was especially enjoyed; in this the boys aided, and all were dressed in peasant costume. The same chorus was repeated as an encore. The "Little Brown Jug" carried by the boys created much merriment among the audience.



I Tenor—DAVID S. SWANN (Director),
FRANK WILLIAMS.

II Tenor—RONALD PETERS, THOMAS NAST,
CLINTON MCKELVEY, ALBANO POLKA.

I Bass—HARVEY GALBREATH (Pianist),
DEAN SHOWALTER, MORRIS SHUGREN, HERBERT
JONES.

II Bass—ERWIN BAKER, PALMER SABIN,
ALBERT SPILLMAN, EMORY BROWN.



Director, HERBERT SESS.

I Tenor — RICHARD MCCOY, REGINALD SIMS.

II Tenor — HAROLD HINSMITH, RAY CLYMER.

I Bass — GEORGE JOHNSON, OSCAR ALFREDSON.

II Bass — ORANGE MCCORMICK, WM. VON EHRENKROOK.



Director, IDA B. TENNEY.

I Soprano — MISS TENNEY, NELL EVANS, CICELEY LEWIS, BERNICE McDONALD, TILLIE GOTTSTEIN, GRACE MORELAND.

II Soprano — GRACE HOLADAY, SUSIE BOOT, JOSEPHINE ALLEN.

Alto — MARTHA BAERRESEN, LOLA BAKER, LELA KITCHING, JENNIE HENDERSON, GENEVIEVE MORELAND.

Pianist — RUTH SPALDING.

The Frivolous Fraternity of Felicitous Fussers

MOTTO

'Tis better to have lobed a shorty, than
neber to have lobed a-tall.

FLOWERS

Bleeding Heart and Honeysuckle.

Grand Presser	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Frank Mangini
Elect Heart Breaker	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Nellie Metcalf
Treasure	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Francis Howland
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Bernice McCarthy
Walking Delegate	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Frank Williams

Charter Members

Luhr Jensen	Merritt Baker	Hazel Wallack
Claude Beck	Wm. Wahrenberger	Marguerite Peck
Edward Knowles	Pauline Haberl	Lela Kitching
Harold Beck	Virginia Hardin	Neva Card

Faculty Members

Mr. Wm. Borst	Miss Warnecke
Mr. Foster	Miss Henry
Mr. Nestor	

Prominent Alumni

Adam, Solomon, Carl Knowles

Committee on Socks

Harry Ulmer, Arthur Bradley

Committee on Neckwear

Gerald Collins, Fred Roberts

Committee on Hair

Doris Meier (honorary), Forbes Parkhill, Grace Moreland, Carl Soderstrom,
Gertrude Hampson, Perry Corryell

Chaperons

Ruth Winchel, Helen Jefferay, Mr. Kepner, Burnham Stone

Faculty Reception

The Peerless Scribe was curious to know why the Sedate Facultonians slipped behind the curtain stretched across the end of the hall, and there collapsed in fits of laughter; and then, O rapturous moment! the display began. And the Peerless Scribe then knew why the Sedate Facultonians laughed so. Oh, "Spokeshave!" Give words to the Peerless Scribe to portray the vision!

The curtain rose upon a scene in Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works, and there was Mr. Rhodes, the officiating genius. He was picturesquely attired in a flowing negligee, which could shrink much and not be too small. A stringless apron pinned to his person with three huge safeties, and a most remarkable hat, made of an inverted lamp-shade and bright trimming, completed his outfit. He was assisted in displaying his figures—which, he assured the audience were "all, everyone of them, blockheads"—by the supes, John and Peter, otherwise known as Mr. Mahin and Mr. Nestor. As a sort of prelude Mrs. Jarley in a high, squeaking voice, touched her hearers deeply in speaking of the late "demented" Mr. Jarley and then ordered the first figures out. After being wound up and oiled by Peter and John, Mr. Parsons and Mr. Chas. Borst, as Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt, proceeded to lick the platter clean. Mme. Squalline, who, some say, resembled Mr. Kepner, thrilled the audience with the selection, "Down Where the Wurtzburger Flows." His voice was rather intermittent, due to the irregularity of the bellows which John plied from behind.

Miss Atkins, as the "Sweet Girl Graduate," fresh from "Bryn Vassarly Female Seminary," who vanntingly and jerkingly brandished her coveted roll before the audience, looked too learned to be natural. John explained the next wax figure to be that of the "maid raised in the lap of luxury, with an

ice-cream cone in each hand, and her mouth full of 'Spearmint'." She was supposed to have one besetting sin, namely, to have her picture taken. The Peerless Scribe recognized the infinite sarcasm of the speech; the wax figure was none other than Miss Warneeke.

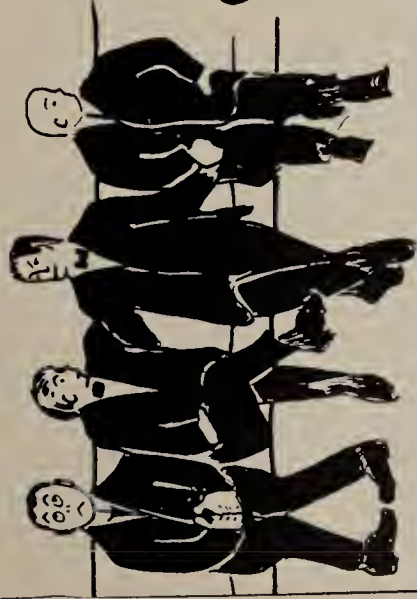
Mrs. Leigh and Mrs. Pettit, as a skipping girl and Little Nell, were two very pretty little maids. The Skipping Girl had evidently been wound up before her performance, for her lips indulged in some very lifelike twitchings. The Peerless Scribe enthusiastically remarked to Little Nell that she looked at least fifty-four years younger. * * *

Miss Tenney showed little regard for her hair while demonstrating her wonderful hair restorer. Mr. Kepner was a proof of its efficiency. Each of the six bottles he had used had produced one perfect HAIR.

Little Bo-Peep (Miss Twitchell), whose sheep were lost and tailless, purchased some "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare," and thus became the original *retailer* of mutton. Mr. "Diogenes" Shuté couldn't have been much of an athlete, for, after getting one leg out of the tub in which he stood in a characteristic way, it took the combined efforts of John, Peter, the oil can and the pipe wrench to budge the other. John recited the part of Lady Macbeth. Tragically he exclaimed, "Out, darned spot!" Miss Orton was more modest, but nevertheless said the one word the audience wished to hear. Miss Rice threw kisses broadcast, and John, being married, dodged behind the curtain.

There were others, all good, each teacher temporarily taking on the role of amuser. The guests were very appreciative, and all declared that they "had a perfectly splendid time." Their faces proved the words. It was the dandiest party given by the dandiest Faculty of the dandiest school that ever was!

MOURNERS BENCH — ALL STAGS



RASTUS WAS POPULAR

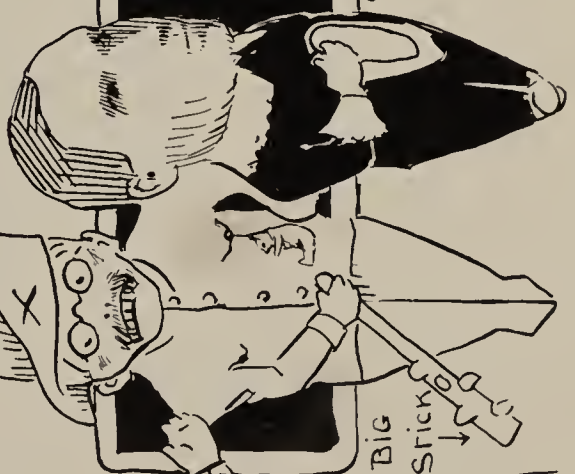


Scenes at the Faculty Reception to the Seniors

MRS JARLEY (MR RHODES) AND HER WAXWORKS



MR PARCE. IN VELVET AND LACE



MISS HILLIER



JIMMY STEELE



"THAT SPOT"



MISS ORTON AND MR KEPNER



BILLY BORST WHO RAN THINGS



NOTICE THE DRESS SUIT

THE SENIOR ~

HALLOWEEN PARTY.



"RED" LIGHTBURN,
THE EVENING
STAR

FUSSERS
CORNER



CHARLIE
BORST
IN THE HANDS
OF THE GHOSTS



THE DECORATIONS
WEPT TEARS
OF TALLOW



The President

Prize Winners

The Army And Navy
Barn Dance



The Chief
Attraction



The Orator That
Didn't Orate



BETTY

AND HENRIETTA

CARROLL SHINN & M.W

THE JUNIOR PARTY

Lest Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot



MANUAL



TURNING

ROMANCE



FREEHAND



MACHINE



JOINERY

Manual Training

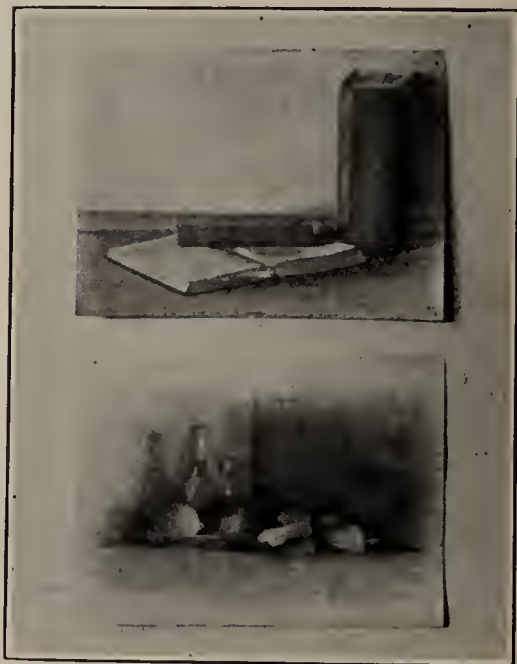
It is a law of nature that we work with both head and hands. The man who uses his hands only, becomes a mere machine. The man who uses his head only, becomes a theorist, and cannot successfully plan for others that which he cannot do for himself. Both knowledge and experience are necessary for success, and it is the mission of the Manual Training High School to combine and develop these faculties, "to make the thinker a worker, and the worker a thinker."

"Manual" is not a "trades school." It would be folly to attempt teaching, in addition to the regular studies, a mechanical trade which in itself requires several years of apprenticeship. This is an age of specialization, but if a person begins to specialize too early, he becomes narrow. His advance is checked, for he has no foundation on which to build.



As mechanical drawing is the written language of all mechanical arts, this department is given special attention. The course for girls deals mostly with orthographic projection and architectural drawing. The boys are instructed in machine drawing. During the Senior year, the boys are divided into "squads," each of which, under a "squad boss," draws the complete, detailed, and assembled drawings of some machine in the shop equipment.

Two years of Freehand drawing are required, mainly to arouse a keen observation and an appreciative understanding of the artistic in every-day life. This appreciation is first put to practical use in the clay-modeling



shop, where ceramic and architectural designs are developed. Care is taken that the articles constructed in the carving and cabinet-making shops be artistic as well as useful. The work this far is for both boys and girls.

One and one-half years are spent by the boys in the turning and pattern shops. Here, besides a knowledge of these arts, economy of time and labor is required.

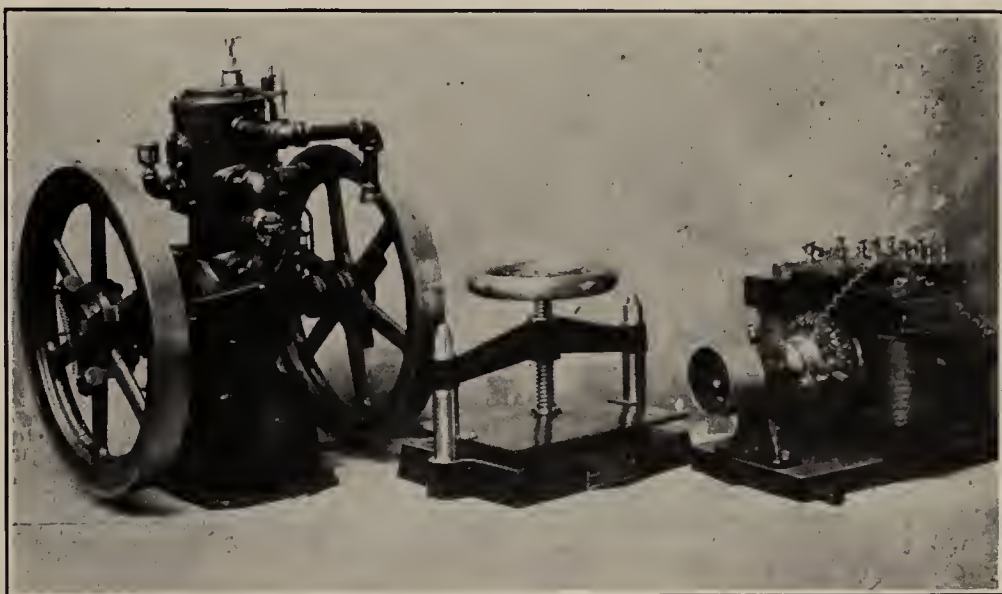


Quickness of action is noticeably acquired in the forge shop. Especially is this true while welding or tempering, when a moment's delay will spoil the work.

The last year is devoted to the machine shop, where the work is supplemented with lectures on electricity and mechanism. As many models must be within a thousandth of an inch in accuracy, precision is a principal attainment. An instructive feature of this work is the designing of machines to produce given types and amounts of work.

The girls' work in millinery and dressmaking cultivates a more refined taste than the often too gaudy present fashions will admit. Each girl designs and makes at least two simple but attractive gowns for herself.

In the Junior and Senior years, the girls have work in the Cooking Laboratory. The instruction includes simple cooking and serving and the



care of a home. The Seniors, in groups of three, give luncheons in which their expenses are limited to a certain amount per guest. Thus they learn the lessons of economical and attractive service.

Mannal training is a great benefit to the young man entering an engineering college. His own interest has developed a careful observation of the work done about him. He is quick to grasp the improvements and advantages of new machines. If he follows an entirely different profession, he must, nevertheless, be familiar with those machines that, in his house, upon the street and in the factory, are ceaselessly humming the busy tune of progress.



Things Literary.



Nulli sapere casu obliquit



OFFICERS.

DAVID DODGE	President
EDWARD KNOWLES	Vice-President
VIRGINIA HARDIN	Secretary
LELA KITCHING	Treasurer
MR. RHODES	Critic

Years ago the Morey Literary Society was founded, the oldest organization of its kind in this school. It is the aim and purpose of this Society to promote all branches of literary work, reading, recitation, debating and the like.

Never in the history of the Society has there been a more prosperous year. Our membership has materially increased, and our meetings have been both enjoyable and beneficial. At the beginning of the year, a special Program Committee was appointed, whose business it is to attend to the planning and execution of all programs. This Committee has done honest, faithful work, and deserves considerable mention. As a result of their efforts, our programs have been especially good, all being carefully planned and great care being given to the variety and unity of each.

Much interest has been shown in the debating line. Some very excellent debates have been held, in which both boys and girls took active part.

This Society elected as honorary member and critic, Mr. Rhodes, and it is through his generous interest shown in our behalf and his kind and helpful criticism that this year has been such a success for us, and we, as members, wish to thank him for the great good he has done the Society.

Although Manual failed to carry off the

Stevens Prize, yet all her representatives deserve much praise for their faithful preparatory work and fine delivery. We take great pride in saying that the first orator from this school to speak and one who delivered an excellent oration was Robert Reeves, Historian of the Class of 1910, a Morey member and one who has shown the greatest interest in all the affairs of this Society, a member to be proud of.

We also take pride in saying that two members, Pearl Pierce and Carl Knowles, were chosen by the Class of 1910 as writers of the Class Prophecy. You may see by glancing over a few pages of the Prophecy that they far from failed in their attempt. Mary Frost, an enthusiastic member of the Morey, was chosen Editress of the *Manualian*, and an excellent one she has made. She won the Morey Prize Reading, an annual contest held in this school, and we take great pride in having her as one of our members. Many more who have distinguished themselves in various other literary lines might be mentioned, but neither time nor space permit.

This year the Morey members will give, at their annual play, one of Augustin Daly's comedies in four acts, entitled "A Night Off," or "A Page from Balzac." It is a very clever play, and one that everyone will enjoy. It will be given May 7 at the Woman's Club. Dancing will follow.

We wish to say, in closing, that we extend our heartiest thanks to each and every member for the faithful attendance and generous aid they have given in uplifting and strength-

ening our Society, and we only hope that the next year may be as prosperous a one for the Morey as the year of 1910.

VIRGINIA HARDIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Justinian Babbett, Professor of Ancient History WALLACE BAUERLEIN
Harry Damask, his Son-in-Law..... EDWARD KNOWLES
Jack Mulberry, in pursuit of fortune under the name of Chumley..... ROBERT HARRIS
Lord Mulberry, in pursuit of Jack ... NED H. YAEGER
Marcus Brutus Snap CARL KNOWLES

Mrs. Zantippa Babbett, Professor's better half LELA KITCHING
Nisbe, youngest imp of the household PEARL PIERCE
Angelina Damask, the eldest NEVA CARD
Susan, the brassiest of maids VIRGINIA HARDIN
Marie, servant at Damask's... MARJORY WADE
Time, recently. *Place*, Near by. *Time of Representation*, 2½ hours.





FRANKLIN



OFFICERS.

HARVEY GALBREATH President
HERBERT JONES Vice-President
ILA VON EHRENKROOK Secretary
FRANCIS HOWLAND Treasurer

WILLIAM RAUKOHL Editor
JOSEPHINE ALLEN Editress
MRS. LEIGH { Critics
MRS. PETTIT {

In judging of any organization established for a special purpose, we must praise or condemn that Society accordingly as it has or has not accomplished that purpose. The Franklin Society was organized for a special, definite work, to promote excellence in public appearance, excellence, first in the material given, and second, in presenting it with ease and grace. If the Franklin Society has achieved its purpose, it deserves the heartiest congratulations. If not, it just as surely deserves to be stamped out of the school as a menace that gives no adequate return for what is put into it. But we believe that this Society has made good; it has achieved its desired result. We do not claim that each member has become a proficient orator, that the programs are faultless and above reproach. But we do say that the last programs have shown a vast improvement over the first. We do claim that the Society has been a real help to its members individually; that it is growing easier and easier for them to get up and speak before an audience without blushing and stuttering and floundering about. And, since it has achieved its purpose, it deserves to be encouraged, supported by the student body and the Faculty.

This year the Society has been especially fortunate in having two members of the Faculty take an interest in the work—Mrs. Leigh and Mrs. Pettit, who are known and respected as the best of English teachers. They are largely responsible for such good results as the Society has experienced. They have attended

most of the meetings. At the close of each program, a criticism is given. And it is a genuine criticism; a criticism looked for and probably a trifle feared by all on the program. But the critics are not fault-finders. Mistakes, little and big mistakes, are brought forcibly before the notice of the whole Society. But it is done in such a way that, while the criticised sense the objection, they see the reason and the remedy, and determine that the mistake shall not occur again. The result has been marked. The original compositions are more carefully prepared, the language used in debate is better chosen and more correct, the reading and delivery is done with greater freedom, force and better effect. For what they have done and for their willingness to do, the Franklin Society is truly grateful to its critics.

Considerable interest was taken in a most unequal program contest, the girls vs. the boys. Being Manual girls, they were winners. A number of the Faculty were judges. The ladies gave their program first, and the remnants of hope that the boys possessed were engulfed in a flood of excellence. It certainly was a splendid entertainment. The boys knew it. Still, when their turn came, they did their best, but gallantly admitted that the girls had really the better of them. The only consolation was their winning the debate. The girls decided that woman has a greater influence than man. The boys proved that man has a greater influence than woman. The judges

said that the boys had the better debate. The boys were glad that they did not have to discuss that subject with the girls.

The general tone of the programs has been excellent. The Executive Committee which arranges for the numbers has never been unprepared. When, as is always the case, the members are reluctant to appear on the program, this is no light praise. There are usually two or three musical numbers, an original story, a reading, a recitation or an oration, a debate, the *Argus*, and the Critic's report. In the music, the main object is to create an interest in the best, to teach an appreciation of what is truly worth while, and also to develop those musically inclined in their chosen ambition. The original stories have been good, most of them humorous. The recitations and readings have varied. Some have been extremely well given, others not so well. There is a marked improvement in this line. From hardly knowing what a debate was, some of our members have grown to be very creditable performers. Three of our boys—Harvey Galbreath, Howard Willis, and Louis Davidson—on February 11 debated with Warren Academy on the question, "Resolved, That the United States should own and operate all interstate railroads." The Franklin Society had the negative, and won. Arrangements are made for a debate on United States Trades Schools with North Denver. Our team is the same, with the exception of Harvey Galbreath, whose place was taken by Harold Venacke. This debate is especially important this year, as North has won the prize cup twice. Should they win this year, the trophy is permanently theirs. We expect the Franklin Society to win the debate this time, and so give Manual another chance at the cup.

While it is not directly due to the excellence of the Franklin Society, still we are proud to say that all four of the contestants for the Stevens Prize are on its roll as members. One of the boys, however, belonging to both societies, cleaves to the Morey. That still gives us three. But it is an individual contest, and it is egotism for either society to claim superiority for itself merely because it had a majority present in that contest.

The second big Franklin event was the

play and open meeting. The cast of characters was excellent. No better group could have been chosen. There was not need for much acting, most of the performers merely being their own natural selves. Hazel Wallack and her pseudo husband, William Wahrenberger, were a good pair. He was the more self-conscious, but then, poor soul, he was a much harassed gentleman. Her acting in working up a one-sided passion was admirable, he shone best in his bluff treatment of *Merrigale*. Francis was an especially excellent, good-hearted, well-meaning, girl-loving, upright, but still inopportune friend. He carried his part splendidly throughout the performance. Leslie Eichelberger was inimitable as a colored servant. Ila Von Ehrenkrook as an Irish maid, though not having much opportunity, played her little well. But the pair about whom interest centered was Harvey Galbreath, and his young wife, Anne Cheney. She made a beautiful, charming young woman. He was a worthy husband. Both put their whole beings into the work, though Harvey was a little more reserved than she. The Committee which arranged for this play is to be congratulated.

Financially, the play was a great success, and to show that they are true sons of Manual, with the proceeds the Franklin Society is giving a party, on May 20, for its members and their friends. It is destined to be a splendid success, a fitting close for a successful year.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

<i>Dick Comfort</i>	HARVEY GALBREATH
<i>Mr. Meander</i> , Dick's uncle WILLIAM WAHRENBERGER
<i>Geo. Merrigale</i> , Dick's friend FRANCIS HOWLAND
<i>Harris</i> , servant to Comforts..... LESLIE E. EICHELBERGER
<i>Edith Comfort</i> , Dick's wife ANNE MARIE CHENEY
<i>Mrs. Clementina Meander</i> , Dick's Aunt	HAZEL WALLACK
<i>Sally</i> , maid to Mrs. Meander ILA VON EHRENKROOK

In Memoriam

GERTRUDE TEAGUE HOLBROOK

WILLIAM DENNISON SHELDON

THEODORE NAST

LOUIS NEEF

BIRNEY GOODING

THE LIMIT

VOL. I

DENVER MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL

NO. 1

SUFFRAGETTE MEETING

Ends in Rupture of the Party.

The first meeting of the Senior Suffragettes was called to disorder by the announcement that nominations were open for President of the Senior Class. After much haranguing and sniffing of irate femininity, William W. was chosen as the "Harmony Candidate." Mr. Flapjack is responsible for the statement that "These earth-beings meant well but they did lots of harm, anyhow."

This much granted to mere man; all other offices were to be monopolized by the contrary faction. Here the trouble began. Not one person could be made to agree unanimously. Many disappointed aspirants to the Secretaryship wept alkaline tears of remorse. The chairman tried to pacify them with acidifying sarcasm, but this caused such a precipitation of wrath that, amidst a chorus of "O, rats!" the subject was switched to graduating costumes.

The meeting broke up with six members present. These religiously ignored each other. By the end of the week, however, all participants had become reconciled and let bygones be bygones.

THE LIFE OF A PROMINENT TEACHER WAS AT STAKE.

Several villainous girls from the Cooking Lab., on Nov. 30 made an attack on the teacher of Chemistry. At different times during the day the aforesaid girls entered the Chemistry Lab. and deposited several heavy bundles. On opening them, Mr. Kepner discovered many tempting looking pies. Not being warned beforehand, it is supposed that he ate them, for there was no trace of the pies the next day. He undoubtedly has a very strong constitution, for he escaped what might have been a very serious injury, for he appeared at recitation the following day. It is thought that these miscreants had a hidden motive for this seemingly generous act. Not only Mr. Kepner's life was endangered; in fact, almost every Senior boy had at least one taste of the pies. Mr. Zeilman consumed a few, and there are several other victims who are not yet known.

"SUFFRAGETTES" AS SEEN BY FLAPJACK FROM MARS!!



It is a mystery that so few were injured, but it may be explained by the fact that each person who partook did not receive enough to seriously impair his health; and the foolish Senior boys wanted more!

GREAT DISCOVERY.

A bright Physicist has discovered a flaw in the Law of Conservation of Energy. If you take two springs, roll one up tightly but leave the other loose, and put both in an acid until entirely destroyed, what becomes of the energy put into the coiled spring?

(Mr. Mahin please write Box 3x924.)

SOCIETY NOTES.

The Junior Girls Cooking Classes, seeing the worn and emaciated appearance of the Senior Girls, have formed a "Fletcherism Club for the Self-preservation." They drew up the following set of rules:

1. Do not eat soup with a fork; it strains it too thin.
2. All biscuits should be handled with care.
3. Beefsteak must be chewed or at least dented. The ice-pick

may be used for this purpose.

4. Fines are imposed for inflating bread at the gas jet.

5. If ice-cream is eaten with a fork, it lasts longer.

6. Out of love for humanity, no food must be taken to your teachers.

Many dinners have been given by the Senior girls lately. The initiated guests always eat a lunch before leaving home, and the uninitiated make for the pantry as soon as they return there.

Football night at the theater, Miss Virginia Hardin appeared with a very taking creation in millinery. The red satin turban was very effective in the spotlight, and won the applause of the whole house.

There has been a most excellent art exhibit at the school recently, and many have seen it. Miss Virginia Hardin appeared offering her photographs.

Mr. Kepner is recovering from an attack of mincepieeatitis, from which he was suffering.

Miss Warr was seriously injured in a basket-ball game in her room. John Flach came gallantly to her rescue and, after a narrow escape from fainting, she was able to continue her work.

BOY DESPONDENT BLOWS OUT BRAINS.

Despondent Over Failure in School.

L. Jensen, a student of Manual Training High School, last night blew out his brains with a thirty-eight caliber revolver, and died two hours later at the county hospital, murmuring the word "Benecia."

Despondency over a failure in his Spanish at school is said by his mother to be the cause. His mother is almost prostrate with grief.

The funeral will be held tomorrow at his late residence, at 1565 Lafayette.

He will be buried at Riverside cemetery.

QUERIES.

Nellie—"How can I cure my corns?"

Ans.—Kick your foot through a window, and the pane is gone forever.

If Howard kisses me on the forehead, shall I call him down? —M. P.

Ans.—Yes, about four and one-half inches.

Roberts—What is "Rough on Rats," Mr. Kepner?

Kepner—This new style of wearing the hair.

My heart is broken; what shall I do?—Frank.

Ans.—Try a change of climate.

How can I make my biscuits lighter?—Martha.

Ans.—Make them smaller.

Please give me a list of the latest books.—Bookworm.

Ans.—See our Book Review.

What is the best color for socks?—Freshman.

Ans.—Consult Harry Ulmer or Forbes Parkhill.

How can I keep peace in the family?—Hazel.

Ans.—Hatch that Henless egg.

I wish to dispose of some of my wealth. What way do you advise?—Philanthropist.

Ans.—Publish an Annual.



DAREDEVIL JACK.

Chapter MCIX.

War Eagle, with his blood-thirsty band crept nearer, still nearer to the fair Yvione, sleeping by her dying fire, alone, unprotected. The dark sinewy forms were creeping silently through the brush about the little clearing. Still the beautiful maiden slept on, unconscious of her peril.

Suddenly there was a thunder of hoofs, a clattering of rocks, the undergrowth parted, and, with a blood-curdling yell, from the ledge above a dark horse and his brave rider hurled themselves fearlessly into the clearing, crushing to a bleeding mass one of the prostrate forms. A rifle barked, and a bullet shrieked through his hair. Again a shot rang out, and the noble steed sank with a shuddering sigh at his master's feet. Twice the stranger's six-shooters spoke, and two redskins bit the dust.

Terrified by the tumult, the girl started to her feet, and, overcome by the sight, swooned into his gallant arms. He laid her gently on the ground, pillow-ing her bright head on his arm, while he held his canteen to her lips. Soon her lids fluttered open, and he gazed into the depths of her startled eyes—eyes as blue as the sky—eyes like those of a fawn.

"Be calm!" he murmured in a low, tense voice, "I am here!"

"I am glad!" she answered simply.

"We must hasten, the Indians are returning!"

Even as he spoke a horrible pandemoniacal yell burst from a hundred throats, and the dusky figures, hideous in war-paint and feathers, dashed into the fire-light.

Swiftly the man stooped, gathered the fainting girl into his arms, and, knocking Indians right and left, dashed into the trees. Bullets flew thick as hail all about them, and a muffled groan burst from his lips; but swifter than the flight of a terri-

fied doe he dashed up the rocks and evaded the enemy in the dark. Soon he came to a high natural fort overlooking the valley. Here he and the girl lay concealed until the dawn. The night was chill, and soon Yvione was trembling with the cold. The gallant rescuer wrapped her in his coat. Thus they waited for the morn, straining their ears for the slightest sound, with guns ever cocked ready to make a sieve of the first savage who should appear.

As it grew light, the beautiful girl turned her tear-bedewed, sparkling eyes toward her rescuer. She saw a tall man, broad of shoulder, dressed in a cowboy's attire, with a broad-brimmed hat, chaps, boots, jangling silver spurs, two six-shooters at his hips, two flashing knives in his boots, a Winchester slung over his back and a well-filled cartridge belt about his waist. His hair was black as a raven's wing, his eyes were dark as night. His haughty mouth was set grimly, but she cried out with dismay at the ghastly white of his face. Speechless, she pointed to a dark red stain on our hero's flannel shirt near his heart.

"You are wounded!" she cried, covering her face with her hands in horror.

"It is nothing!" he murmured, but with the words, he gave a ghastly groan and crumpled to the ground. Instantly she was sobbing at his side. With her lily fingers she tore open the shirt from that manly bosom, and bathed and bandaged the dreadful wound.

In doing so, she carelessly raised her head above the rocks, and instantly the prowling Indians spied its shimmering radiance. A bullet zipped past, tearing away a little of her glorious crown. He sprang to his feet, his eyes flashed.

"The dastardly cowards shall never shoot a lady while 'Daredevil Jack' is alive!"

He seized his guns not a moment too soon. The whole band was making an attack, dodging

from rock to rock. He could fire only with his left hand, for his right was useless. The girl loaded as he blazed away. The first bold spirits fled to the happy hunting grounds with only one scream. In the next ten minutes, fifty of the band lay dead on the mountain side. Suddenly the rest halted, then fled. What had stopped them? We shall see.

A bugle sounded, and a company of soldiers came in view marching up the valley. Instantly Yvione sprang to her feet, waving to the rescuers, who at once rushed in her direction.

Our hero fell back deathly white, but with a careless smile upon his lips.

"It had to come. The regulars have been hunting me for weeks. But I learned of the Indian attack; I could not bear to let them kill a defenseless woman. I risked it, and lost. I can't fly now, the jig's up. Hunted like a beast because—"

Just then the foremost of the soldiers panted into their stronghold. The leader drew back amazed.

"Daredevil Jack!" he cried, exultingly. "At last!"

"Yes, Harvey Sherwood, you have me now!" and he scornfully held out his wrists for the manacles. But Yvione, with a terrible cry, threw herself between them.

"Captain!" An exhausted orderly fell at his superior's feet.

Sherwood seized the dispatch, his face blanched.

"Hollis! Kennehan!" he shouted.

(Continued in our next number.)

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We can do our level best,
And departing, leave behind us
Notebooks that will help the rest.

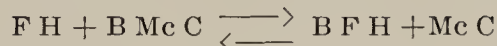
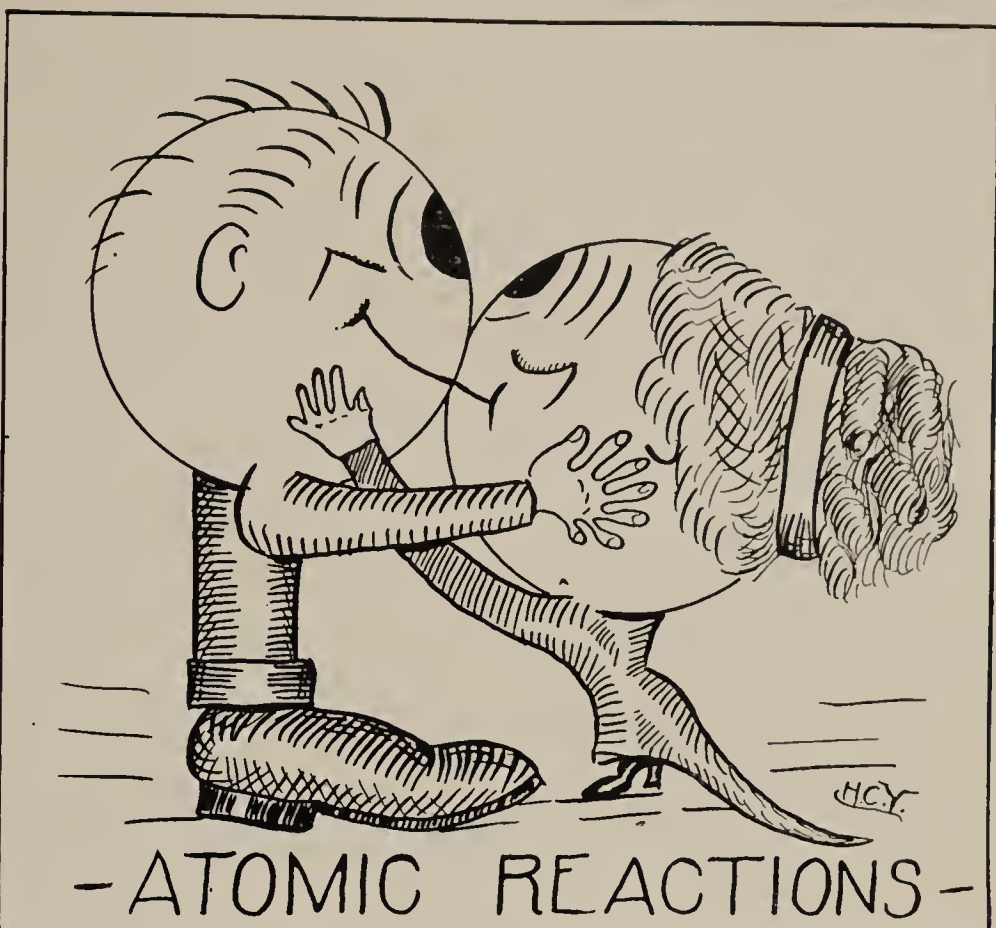
ECHCES FROM THE COOK- ING LAB.

She made such beautiful pies!
So I and all the guys
We idolized those beautiful pies.
But when I tried to get wise
To the inside of those pies,
All she did was sympathize.

Why do these maidens, all de-
mure

And rational, I wiss,
Persist in getting off the car
?siht ekil erofeb edis dniH

Would-be Contributor — Say,



Mary, have you carried out all my ideas in regard to the Annual?

Mary Frost—Did you meet Mr. Quinn carrying down a wastebasket as you came upstairs?

W. B. C.—Yes.

M. F.—Well, he was carrying out your ideas.

INKS.

They is too kinds of inks:
Black inks and red inks. Black Inks has too Legs and a three-cornered Head like 1 letter A. Only three is in captivity; They feed on lamp Black, which is the soot that forms on the Lamps of Students as burns midnight Oil.

Red Inks is very common. Everyone has 'em for pets. They is Fat and Jolly like the letter D, and lives off the Blood of their Masters.

POETRY.

Original poem affectionately dedicated to our successors:

Keep on, don't flunk, don't flunk,

keep on,

Don't flunk, keep on, don't flunk,

Keep on, don't flunk, keep on,

don't flunk,

Don't flunk, don't flunk, keep on.

Owing to a hunger for much knowledge, Chink has taken up Astronomy. He has favored us with his first report, which reads somewhat like this:

From the regions of Mahomet
Cometh the Comet;

At early morn

We climeth the mountain summit

To view the Comet:

We are many million miles from
it,

That long tailed Comet.

(Dommit!)

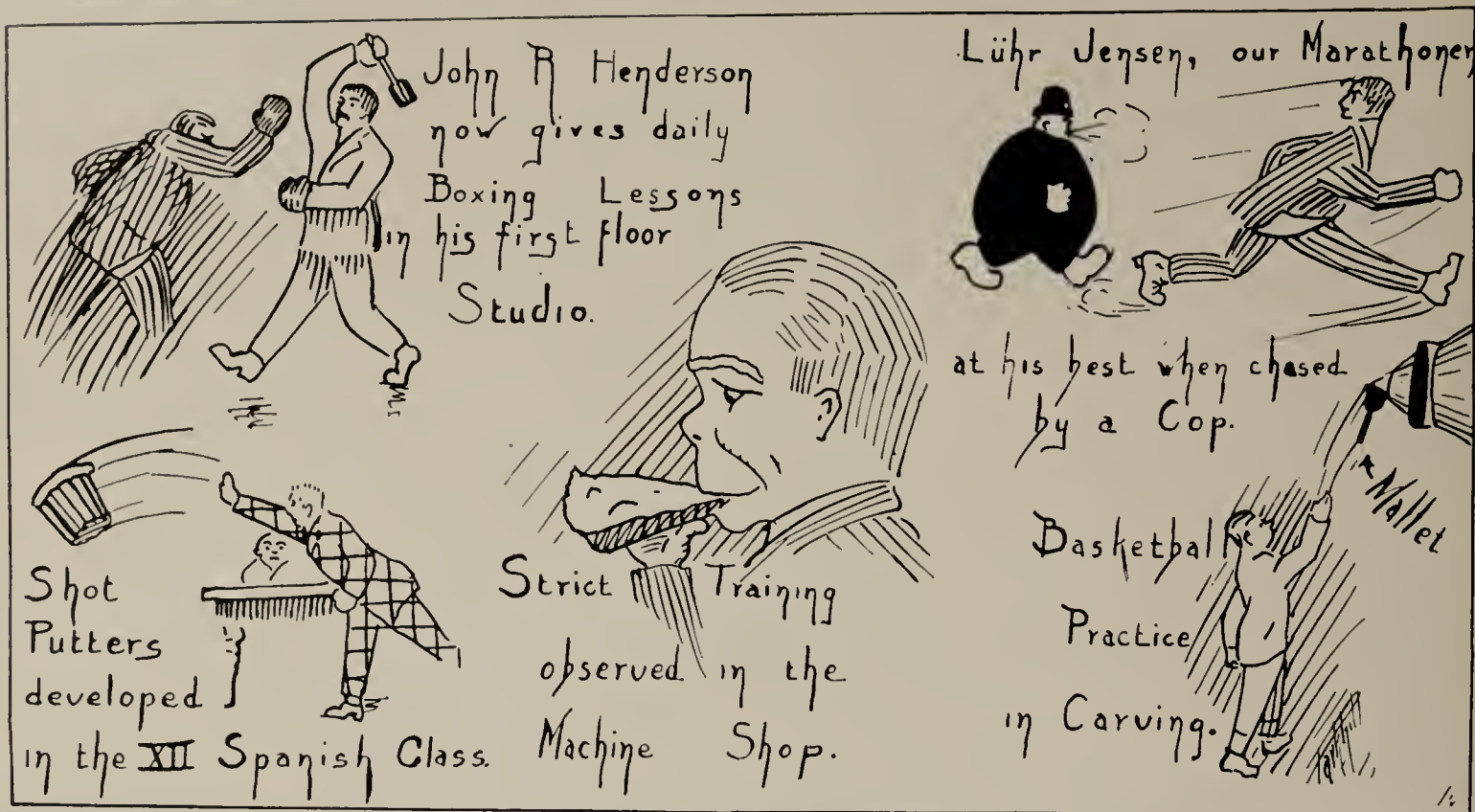
No. L369.

BEAUTY CONTEST.

One Vote.

Miss is, in my judgment, the
Oldest maid in Manual.

(Signed)



THE LIMIT.
Established 1910.

Published Anonymously (and
Semi-occasionally).

City Editor,
The Peerless Scribe
Managing Editor,
The Peerless Scribe
Editor-in-Chief,
The Peerless Scribe
Circulation Fever Heat

"Oh Justice, only when expelled from other habitations, make this thy dwelling place!"

ECHOES FROM THE HALL.

Ruth—Oh, say, Bob, there's Miss Henry!

Miss Warnecke—Down the other stairs.

Ed—Where's Virginia?

Polly—Say, Lela, are you going my way?

Albert—Gargle—honk—ding—dong.

Mr. Quinn—If I do this for you, I will have to do it for everybody. Where will I be then?

Wm. R.—Aw, bein' good is such a lonesome job!

M. C.—This Peerless Scribe is stumped.

Bernice—Oh, you can't be very nice!

Francis—Aw, say, now—

Mrs. Winton—What was the matter with you this morning?
Tom H.—O, for Pat's sake!

ECHOES FROM THE CLASS ROOM.

Mrs. Leigh—Note here—students may pass—You pay for all you get in this life—and more.

Mr. Rhodes—How I wish this hour were twice as long! Please! Please! Please!

Miss Tenney—Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Mr. Kepner—What did you put in?—Yes, sir, Yes sir!

Miss Spaulding—Don't you think I have any eyes?

Mr. Bradley—This is a chance to show yourselves gentlemen and ladies.

Mr. Henderson—Come, come, boys!

Mr. Borst—You're excused.

Mrs. Pettit—Do you attend Sunday School?

Visitors to the school are often astonished to hear sweet music floating lightly from the doors and windows of the cooking lab. But when they turn questioningly to their escorts, they learn that it is only the girls drowning the odors which rise from their culinary experiments by a flood of song; the heavy is Miss Lela Kitching, while the chorus is composed of all the other girls.

VORTEX RINGS.

When we have problems in Chemistry, Mr. Kepner says "Next!" and then we realize we are to have a close shave.

"Soapy" Soderstrom is going to get a job as a lather.

Our editor lost a list of subscribers; still, we hate to say he is listless.

When Mr. Vandyfeller built a wall around his beautiful fountain, did he build a fountain pen?

A dog has an animal treed when he surrounds him with bark.

"Grocer, this butter is so old, it has whiskers on it."

"Well, we often see butters with whiskers, do we not?"

(Wouldn't that get your goat?)

Part of one of the hare and hound chases was along the bank of a small stream. We did not hear, however, of any financial trouble due to a run on a bank.

The fact that E. D. was a sour kroud after the football game proves that they are cabbage-heads.

To hear a chef talk, one would not think that he belongs to the order of friars.

We have a friend who says a dinner on a dining-car reminds him of a nickel, because it is car-fare.

Question: When a home burns, does it burn up or burn down, or, when a man breaks up in business, does he break down?

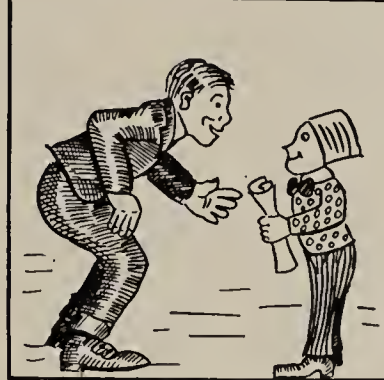
Here's to our teachers and parents—may they never meet!

THE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE ANNUALAD



Poor Bill was blue as he studied
his math.,
And he sighed as the others
fussed,
"Alone! Alone on the ocean of
love!
I must have a girl—I must!"

He then called called in li'l
Annualad,
Who wept at Bill's mournful
speech.
"Cheer up, old sport!" says he
to him,
"I know one that's a peach!"



Next day Bill called the boy to
him,
And hopped around so gay;
Says he, "Here, kid, take this
four bits;
"I've got a girl! Hooray!"

That night the lad called on the
girl,
Almost, he envied Bill;
Says he, "You'll cheer up his
poor heart?"
Says the maiden, "Yes, I will."

Bill took her to the Senior
dance;
They occasioned quite a stir,
For, in many a moon there ne'er
was seen
A pair like him and her.

LOST.

Lost—A 4 x 5 pretzel. Finder
return and avoid indigestion.
—B. Stone.

HELP WANTED.

Wanted—Someone—anyone—
to go on the Franklin program.
—H. Galbreath.

Wanted—Nice, kind English
teacher. No compositions.—J.
Davidson.

Wanted—Ten cents to pay for
this ad.—J. Flach.

Wanted—Stenographer to trans-
cribe all bright remarks made
about my hair.—L. Lightburn.

Wanted—Shutoff to J. David-
son's talking machine.—H. P.
Neighbors.

Wanted—Someone to call me
"Dearie."—O. Hall.

WANTED—REAL ESTATE.

Wanted—Dormitory for Mrs.
L's seventh hour students.—H.
Ulmer.

Wanted—Machine to go with
my Gabriel horn.—A. Spillman.

FOR SALE.

For Sale—"Francis," a musical
comedy; a howlin' success.—B.
McCarthy.

For Sale—Slightly used pedes-
tal and halo to match.—A. Che-
ney.

For Sale Cheap—Volume of
parliamentary law; never used.
—W. Wahrenberger.

For Sale—Teddy bear, train,
rocking horse; rattle free with
lot.—E. Stillwell.

For Sale—My influence; in-
valuable to large corporations.—
R. Craise.

To Trade—Will exchange ser-
viceable smile for nerve to ask
her.—C. Lynch.

For Sale—Large stock of brass-
iness; never used.—A. Lyon.

For Sale—1 expansive smile,
16 curly locks, large cheek.—L.
Jensen.

For Sale—Magnificent head
of black curly hair—never worn.
—C. Rader.

Will trade my beautiful com-
plexion for pompadour.—R.
Reeves.

For Sale—"Bernie, My Irish
Bernie"; greatest jig ever.—F.
Howland.

WANTED—POSITIONS.

Competent barker would like
engagement in side-show.—E.
Rickel.

Chemistry shark would like
easy job. No pay, no work.—
F. Pelton.

Competent talker would like
position as a record-maker.—M.
Peck.

Position as chambermaid.—T.
French.

SOME DEFINITIONS.

Olive Casey—Gender shows
whether a man is masculine,
feminine or neuter.

Harry Ulmer—If the air con-
tains more than 100 per cent. of
carbolic acid, it is very injurious
to the health.

Victoria Cokayne—A vacuum
is a large empty space where the
Pope lives.

BONANZA,

We have reserved a few brass-edged securities of the "School-
Book." Selling at 50c a share. Order now!

THIS MINE IS NOT SALTED!

Agent Ed Knowles
P. S.—In answering this ad, please don't mention The Limit.

TWICE MARRIED AND ONCE
DIVORCED IN ONE DAY.

The Chemical Lab. was the scene of a brilliant function. During the absence of her guardian, Mr. Kepner, Miss Virginia Hardin, a charming debutante, hastily married Mr. Corwina R. Mills, Jr., the Reverend Dr. Mary C. Frost, officiating clergyman. The bride was dressed in a street costume with an overdress of black rubber, and carried a shower bouquet of test tubes, from which emanated the sweet fragrance of H₂S. It was a very simple affair, owing to the haste of the groom.

Almost as soon as the young couple left the altar, the intimate friends who had witnessed the ceremony were horrified to see the groom turn and flee madly about the room, wildly pursued by the bride, who shrieked, "Kiss me, my love!" This he refused to do, even when the angered friends of the bride caught him and tried to force him.

The bride, feeling this to be a sufficient excuse for release, called upon her attorney, Ruth Winchel, who began divorce proceedings. The hearing was conducted before Judge Mary C. Frost and the Grand Jury, Lela Kitching. The plaintiff touchingly told of her husband's unfeeling actions, and a decision was granted without delay, although the jury sympathized with the groom.

Immediately the Rev. Dr. Judge Mary C. Frost married the fair divorcee, and they started upon a tour to the English Class, where they would be the honored guests of the distinguished Mrs. Leigh, an old and very dear friend of the happy couple. Mr. Kepner returned just in time to see his beloved ward fondly led from the altar, and to give the happy pair his blessing as they departed.

It is hoped by their acquaintances that their married life will be a long and happy one.

THE WEATHER.
Manual—Tornado imminent: Annual Board especially affected.
East Denver—Terrific snow-storm.
North Denver—In the center of a blizzard.
South Denver—Communication severed.
West Denver—Lines still down.

ROOSEVELT CANNOT AT-TEND MOREY PLAY.
Naples, Italy, April 12, 1910.
Received your kind invitation to play. Thought I could postpone conference with K. Wilhelm, but must attend against my will. Regretfully,
T. R.

The Morey was sorry to receive the above telegram. Mr. Roosevelt tried his best to defer his European engagements, but was unable to do so. Kaiser Wilhelm at first was coming over with Theodore, to see the play, but his people feared he would stay in America, and so they held him.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT!
The pupils of the Manual Training High School received a horrifying shock the other morning. Frank Mangini mounted an unaccustomed motor bike and

started for a little morning ride. All went well for a time, until he reached a corner, when the machine, feeling a stranger's hand on the bit, began to run away, and dashing wildly around the corner, collided with the curb. The rider lost his seat and, turning a somersault in the air, fell upon his head, but no permanent harm was done.

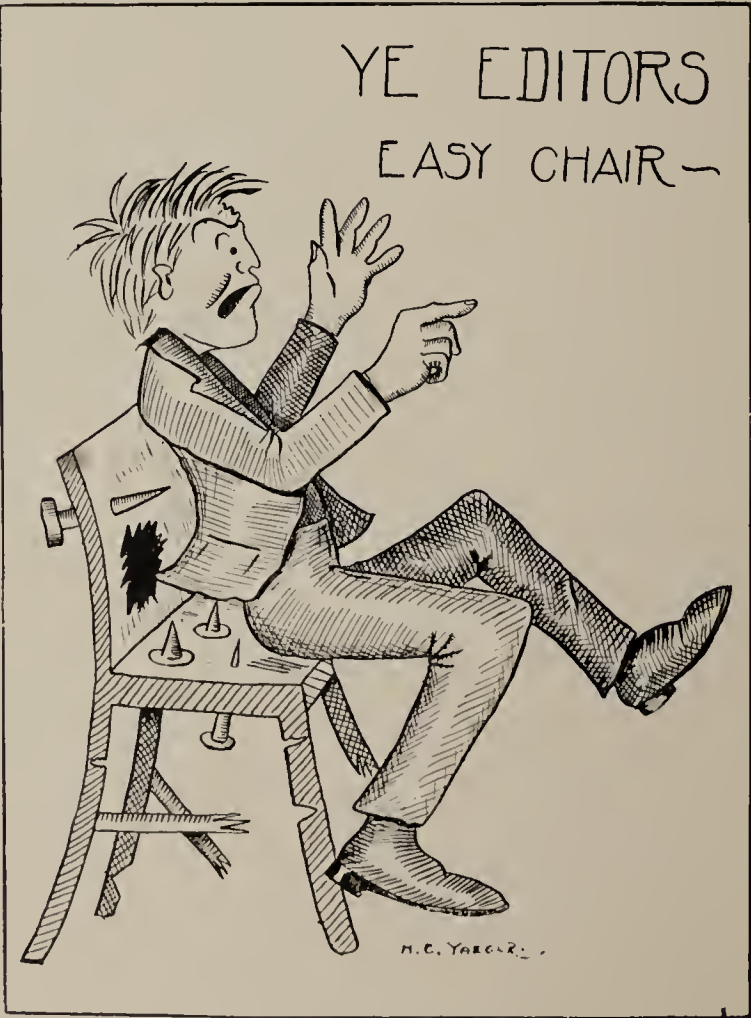
FIRST TIT-TAT-TOE LEAGUE
AT MANUAL.

This year, through the most heroic efforts of Bernham Stone, a novel athletic league has been instituted at Manual. There are ten members. Each was assessed ten cents. This pays for a pennant, which is given to the winner.

The Grand Prize goes to Eugene Heatley, who won every game he played.

The complete standing is as follows:

Heatley	8	0	1000
Bourke	6	1	858
Stone	4	4	500
Lightburn	3	3	500
Jensen	3	4	428
Davidson	2	3	400
Hersey	1	3	250
Bradley	1	4	200
Peterson	1	4	200
Craize	0	4	000



Manual Diary

September—

Tuesday, 7—"Say, what hour is this?"

Wednesday, 8—Teachers change a few programs.

Thursday, 9—Teachers change a few programs.

Friday, 10—Teachers change a few programs.

Thursday, 23—Chemistry sharks get busy. "Whew! but it smells funny up here!"

Friday, 24—Uneasy lies the head of him who weareth not an Athletic button.

Tuesday, 28—Big Suffragette meeting.

Wednesday, 29—Senior girls don't speak to each other.

Thursday, 30—Mr. Kepner celebrates by shooting soap bubbles. Sophs alarmed

October—

Wednesday, 12—Diary recorder taking vacation; return tomorrow.

Thursday, 13—Meeting of the Athletic Association.

Saturday, 16—M. T. H. S. 6, Preps 0; O, you Team!

Monday, 18—Several lads attempt to celebrate victory by playing hookey.

Tuesday, 19—Ye Annual Board elected.

Wednesday, 20—Owing to some mistake in the bells, Mrs. Leigh is forced to send a FEW to seventh hour.

Thursday, 21—Mr. Quinn cracks a joke. He is expected to recover.

Saturday, 23—South 3, Manual 17. We repeat, O, you Team!

Thursday, 28—Puzzle: Why are the Senior boys slow?

Friday, 29—Senior Party. Did we have a good time? Just ask us.

Saturday, 30—No school (joke).

November—

Monday, 1—Sophs enjoy knocking their knees on the floor.

Wednesday, 3—Woozzle Woozzle Club started.

Friday, 5—Manual 23, West Denver 0. Shows improvement.

Monday, 8—Annual Board meeting.

Tuesday, 9—Were you lucky in all your tests?

Wednesday, 10—A little cake, now and then, is relished by the best of men (in machine).

Thursday, 11—Rally. We'll lick East Denver!

Friday, 12—We hope the snow is for E. D. H. S.

Saturday, 13—We licked East Denver, 3—0; also enjoyed the Tabor.

Monday, 15—We get a holiday (?). Hear a talk by Japs, who flirt with the Senior girls.

Tuesday, 16—Wm. Beckhardt tested our patience with his horn.

Wednesday, 17—E. D. H. S. still sore.

Thursday, 18—Mysterious blue cards seem to make pupils look sad. Very singular!

Monday, 22—We have to play E. D. H. S. again. Just watch us this time!

Wednesday, 24—Quiet, orderly Class meeting.

Thursday, 25—What did we tell you? Manual 11, E. D. H. S. 0. Also Thanksgiving and Broadway.

Friday, 26—Holiday. On account of the game? Oh, no!

Monday, 29—Did you wear your rubbers? Snow is wet.

Tuesday, 30—Poor 'cello artist gets fussed.

December—

Wednesday, 1—Mr. Kepner talks on Alaska after school.

Friday, 3—Still snowing. Preparing to snow N. D. H. S. under.

Saturday, 4—By some mistake snow landed on us; N. D. H. S. 2, M. T. H. S. 0.

Monday, 6—The great mystery, or who put the puppy dog in room 10?

Tuesday, 7—Auditorium. O, you Glee Club!

Thursday, 9—Contribution in Annual Box.

Tuesday, 14—"M's" given to the football team. PRIDE OF THE ROCKIES suggested for class flower at a meeting.

Wednesday, 15—Seniors indulged in coasting, hot chocolate, etc. Ten below is very cold.

Thursday, 16—Coasting party has no lessons.

Friday, 17—Do your Christmas shopping early.

Tuesday, 20—Too busy shopping to write diary.

Thursday, 23—No more school until next year. Hooray!

Saturday, 25—Merry Christmas!

January—

Saturday, 1—We wish you a Happy New Year!

Monday, 3—School again. “Have you broken your resolutions?”

Tuesday, 4—Class meeting. Senior Prom. coming the 28th.

Wednesday, 5—Mr. Henderson engages in argument.

Friday, 7—Two (2) pies in machine. Not enough to go around. Junior party. Six (6) Junior boys present.

Saturday, 8—We liked East Denver in basketball, 34—17. Sort of rubbing it in this year, eh?

Friday, 14—Room 10 goes to seventh hour, and Mr. Henderson is peeved.

Tuesday, 18—E. & M. test. Nothing to it (for us).

Wednesday, 19—Some one donates cap to Mercury.

Monday, 24—English test to-day; stung again. Take spite out in Machine by rough house.

Thursday, 27—Again those blue cards cause great dismay.

Friday, 28—Senior Prom. Everyone went and tried to forget those blue cards.

Saturday, 29—Due to Senior Prom., N. D. H. S. 11, M. T. H. S. 10. Hare and hound chase.

Monday, 31—Great excitement because Junior tears down '10 sign. The remains were finally rescued by Mr. Borst.

February—

Tuesday, 1—Paulhan in town. A few boys stay in school to keep girls and teachers company.

Wednesday, 2—Air-ship still here. Those who ditched can tell you what happened (to them).

Thursday, 3—Those who got canned yesterday used a can-opener and came back to school.

Tuesday, 8—Some good music in the Auditorium.

Friday, 11—Almost a half holiday.

Saturday, 12—No school; Lincoln's birthday.

Wednesday, 16—Mrs. Mudge sings for us.

Tuesday, 22—Manual wins Stevens Prize, almost.

Friday, 25—Mr. Quinn's birthday. Many happy returns.

March—

Wednesday, 2—First fire drill of season; 37 lbs. 75/8 ozs. of candy brought back into school.

Thursday, 3—Boys in Spanish Class attempt to sport short sleeves. Nada haciendo.

Saturday, 5—We win Championship in basketball.

Tuesday, 8—Mr. Mercury's toes are decorated with corn or corns.

Thursday, 17 of Ireland—Grand rush between oranges and greens. Potato in Mercury's hand; also in fifth hour Spanish Class. Result, Mr. Bradley visited.

Monday, 21—Children's Day. Traek.

Tuesday, 22—Flunkers' Day. E. & M.

Thursday, 24—Vacation begins tomorrow. Ice-cream cones in machine.

Wednesday, 30—No vacation for Annual Board.

April—

Monday, 4—When is a machine shop not a machine shop? When it is a lunch room. We regret to hear of the suicide of Luhr Jensen.

Wednesday, 6—Dull day; nothing to eat in machine, no one canned from Spanish or Math.

Friday, 8—Mr. Henderson doesn't take Sophs' pictures. If you didn't see the Franklin play, you missed the time of your life.

Monday, 11—Flood in Chemistry. Luhr's ghost canned.

Tuesday, 12—Bill wants this diary.

Wednesday, 13—Thursday at school Luhr re-enlists. Romaneing under difficulties.

Thursday, 14—Everything squared up.

Friday, 15—Class Day and Faculty Reception. We didn't get our dance this afternoon. The excitement grows tense.

Saturday, 16—Annual goes to press. No school.

Monday, 18—Bill wears a relieved look.

Tuesday, 19—We go to the Auditorium as usual.

Wednesday, 20—Jerry didn't fuss in school to-day. He was absent.

Thursday, 21—A new "Bulletin" to-day.

Friday, ???

Tuesday, 26—There is a rumor that Mr. Quinn cracked a joke. We don't believe it.

Wednesday, 27—Mr. Quinn is the center of attraction. He refuses to be interviewed on the subject.

Friday, 29—Something happened to-day; I forget what.

May—

Monday, 2—Printers start setting type for the *Annual*.

Thursday, 5—Type all set, and printers begin to print.

Friday, 6—Bill worried again. Reading the proofs.

Saturday, 7—Morey play and dance.

Monday, 9—The *Annals* haven't arrived yet.

Tuesday, 10—All through printing the *Annual*.

Wednesday, 11—The binders get busy on the *Annual*.

Today—

YOU READ THE BEST ANNUAL
EVER PUBLISHED!

The Stevens Prize Contest

This year we entered the Stevens contest confident of victory, for never before had Manual been so well represented in it. And there was good reason for our confidence, for, owing to the large number of contestants in the try-out, the standard of excellence was very high.

Robert Reeves, being the first on the program, had a more difficult position to fill than the others. He spoke on "Ethan Allen." His reserved manner and boyish way appealed to the audience.

The title of the next oration was "Alexander Hamilton," by Howard Willis, Manual's second representative. He had a subject interesting to everyone, and his treatment of it increased the interest.

Geo. Patterson somewhat excelled his class-

mates. In every way his oration was unusually excellent. The subject, "America's Debt to the Quakers" was in a new field, and the delivery was far out of the ordinary. It was fine, strong and thoroughly genuine.

"The Spirit of the West" was the title of Frank Williams' paper. He chose a subject interesting as well as important to himself and to his hearers. It was delivered in a most hearty way.

Manual supporters can feel proud, in every way, of the boys who entered this contest. Each one of the four did honor to his home, school and class. The papers were of high standard, the thought and composition being judged very good. The speakers were confident but not bold, easy mannered, but not patronizing.



CHART OF SENIORS

NAME	NICKNAME	RELIGION	WILL DIE OF	SLANG EXPRESSION	APPEARANCE
IRENE ANSON	Rene	Nihilist	Heart Failure	Oh, Martha!	Pensive.
IRWIN BAKER	Napoleon	Anarchist	Battling	Attention!	Learned.
LOLA BAKER	Ole	Latin Prose	Eating Pie	Oh, Goodness!	Well fed.
MERRITT BAKER	Ain't got none	Punctualist	Fussing	Eloquent Silence	Meek.
EDNA BAERRESEN	Teddy	Jumper	Silence	?.....	Meeker.
MARTHA BAERRESEN	Toodles	Cannibal	Enthusiasm	Oh, My!	Meekest.
CLAUDE BECK	Big B.	Hottentot	Witch Hazel	Oh, Slush!	Lost.
HAROLD BECK	Little b.	Basket Ball	Talking	Oh, Kitch!	Lanky.
LILLIAN BERKOWITZ	Lil.	New Thought	Hunting Nell	Nellie?	Sweet.
EDWARD BOURKE	Ed.	Mrs. Leigh	Singing	Whew!	Melancholy.
ARTHUR BRADLEY	Tacks	Penmanship	Taxation	Hey, Fellows!	Dignified.
VIOLA BRENDEL	Vi	Pianoism	Melancholia	Heavens to Betsy!	Willowy.
RAY BROWNSON	Brown	Caramels	Ptomaine Poison	There are Others!	Grimacing.
NEVA CARD	Never	Materialist	Card Playing	Conveyed by Looks	Sedate.
OLIVE CASEY	Ollie	Adventist	Eating Olives	Oh, Goodness!	Amiable.
MARY CHERN	Mari	Typewriting	Asking Why	Oh, Butter!	Petite.
DINA CLAFF	Dean	Not decided	Longing	Glory be to Peter!	Violent.
EVERETT CLARK	Ev	Sharkistry	Blushing	Suffering Cats!	Embarrassed.
VICTORIA COKAYNE	Vickey	Not in stock	Cocaine	Oh, Mrs. Leigh!	Victorious.
GERALD COLINS	Jerry	Athletics	Candy Poison	That's a Graft!	Long-haired.
FRANCES CONNELL	Fan	Exhausted	Compositions	Aw, now!	Good-natured.
MARY CRAISE	Polly	Reforming Bob	Foolishness	Par la Amo del Migio!	Smiling.
ROBERT CRAISE	Bob	Emotionalist	Arguing With Mrs. L.	Aw, Gowan!	Fresh.
HELEN CULTON	Search me	Occult	Writing	Oh Sugar!	Self-possessed.
HELEN CUNO	Kuner	Pickles	Starvation	Oh, My!	Attenuated.
JAMES DAVIDSON	Jimmy	Optimism	Jaw (ndice)	Oh, Shoot!	Amiable.
LEWIS DAVIDSON	Loeey	Pessimism	Ambitio Frustratum	Oh, Golly!	Sour.
DAVID DODGE	Leming Pie	Football	Puppy Love	Oh, You Kid!	Smiling.
WILL DUMARS	Bill	Cycling	Gasoline	My Gasoline!	Knowing.
NELL EVANS	Little Nell	Being looked for	Graduating	'eavens!	Frizzed.
JOHN FLACH	Johnny	Orating	Magnum Brainum	I know better!	Cherubic.
THOMAS FRENCH	Tommy	Typewriting	Bulletin Board	Chuck it!	Diminutive.
MARY FROST	Pat	Opposite of Mrs. L.'s	Immortal	That's Real Choice!	Rapt.
HARVEY GALBREATH	Jail Bird	Franklin	"Pony Boy"	Dear!	Intelligent.
TILLY GOTSTEIN	Till	Memnonite Maid	Whistling	It's Great!	Slender.

NAME	NICKNAME	RELIGION	WILL DIE OF	SLANG EXPRESSION	APPEARANCE
PAULINE HABERL.....	Paula.....	Salvation Army.....	Fussedness.....	Oh, Dear!.....	Merritted.
OLIVER HALL.....	Hall Room.....	Wireless.....	Chemistry.....	Great Caesar's Ghost!..	Not very tall!
RALPH HALL.....	Kid.....	Looking Pretty.....	Overwork.....	Get the Hook!.....	Elongated.
LAURINE HAMMOND.....	Rene.....	Miss H. or Miss T.?	Unrequited Love.....	You don't say!.....	Fascinating.
GERTRUDE HAMPSON..	Shorty.....	Curls.....	Curling.....	Merci!.....	Curled.
VIRGINIA HARDIN.....	Virginian.....	Knowle(s)dge.....	Pursuit of Art.....	Perfectly Great!.....	Attractive.
THOMAS HARRINGTON.	Buster.....	Etymology.....	Balling.....	For Pat's Sake!.....	Sweet.
ROBERT HARRIS.....	Bobby.....	ME.....	Talking.....	Ah, Gee!.....	Swell.
EUGENE HEATLEY.....	Jean.....	Silence.....	Silence.....	O You Gene!.....	Glum.
CLARENCE HERSEY.....	Hersh.....	Not afflicted.....	Sassing.....	Ladies Present.....	Canned.
NELLIE HILL.....	Nell.....	Lofty.....	General Decay.....	Bum!.....	Green.
STILLMAN HORNE.....	Preacher.....	Hasn't any.....	Gored to Death.....	Oh, Gee!.....	Ministerial.
FRANCIS HOWLAND....	Bo.....	Punning.....	Howlin'.....	By Heck!.....	Couplet.
GRACE HUNT.....	First (Faith)	Confused.....	Gentleness.....	Can't you see?.....	Faithful.
MARJORIE JAMES.....	Bob.....	Giggling.....	KCh.....	Tee Hee!.....	Effervescent.
HELEN JEFFERAY.....	Jim.....	Mormon.....	Morey Program.....	In it?.....	Peroxide.
LÜHR JENSEN.....	Jens.....	Pugilism.....	Missionary Labor.....	Lands Sakes!.....	Turkish Towel.
AGNES JOHNSON.....	Aggie.....	Mystic.....	Mumps.....	Look Here!.....	Blonde.
HENRY KERR.....	Pup.....	Marching Club.....	Hydrophobia.....	Dog Gone It!.....	Smiling.
LELA KITCHING.....	Kitch.....	Mr. Z.....	Nothing to Do.....	Si! Si! Kiddo!.....	Cheerful.
FLORENCE KING.....	Fluff.....	Talking.....	Exuberance.....	My Stars!.....	Fetching.
CHARLES KNOWLES....	Carl.....	Pratt Institute.....	Broken Heart.....	Thank You!.....	Lonesome.
ED KNOWLES.....	Mascot.....	Virginian.....	Chronic Inertia.....	Oh, Shucks!.....	Crimson.
WILLIAM KOLLER.....	Collar.....	Knocking.....	Melancholia.....	You Mutt!.....	Angelic.
HELEN KRAEMER.....	Hasn't one.....	Dancing School.....	Grimming.....	That's Dear!.....	Pink.
LONA KROEGER.....	Lo.....	Dreaming.....	Smiling.....	Unknown.....	Mournful.
FRED LUTZ.....	Luxus.....	Batting.....	Fanning Out.....	Soak Your Head!.....	Military (?)
FREDERICK LINCOLN..	Fritz.....	Taxidermy.....	Bugs.....	Doesn't Cuss.....	Atomic.
CHARLES LYNCH.....	Skinch.....	Girls' Photos.....	Lynching.....	Say!.....	Bachelor.
HAROLD MACOMBER...	Cucumber.....	Rare.....	Silence.....	—! —!.....	Pickled.
MARGERY MALINS.....	Marg.....	Conceitism.....	XII English.....	Oh, Bother!.....	Majestic.
VERA MALLON.....	Vê.....	Going to School.....	Reading.....	Vera well!.....	Sportsmanlike.
FRANK MANGINI.....	Manganese.....	Fussing.....	Broken Heart (?).....	Sugar!.....	Comedian.
ADRIAN MARRON.....	Ade.....	Minus Quantity.....	His Sisters.....	What, Sir?.....	Pleasant.
GLADYS MILLER.....	Glad.....	Loafing.....	Toothache.....	Oh, Gee!.....	Joyous.
GRACE MORELAND.....	Second (Hope).....	Being Sweet.....	Candy.....	Unknown.....	Hopeful.
BERNICE MCCARTHY....	Sal.....	Franciscan.....	Misplaced (?) Love....	Oh, Frances!.....	With him.

CHART OF SENIORS—Concluded

NAME	NICKNAME	RELIGION	WILL DIE OF	SLANG EXPRESSION	APPEARANCE
CLINTON McKELVEY....	Mac.....	Music.....	Motor Cycles.....	Tut! Tut!.....	Stubby.
CORWINA MILLS.....	Winnie.....	Moral Suasion.....	Teasing.....	Land, No!.....	Brown Eyes.
RAYMOND ORNAUER....	Bonehead.....	Mrs. L.....	Compositions.....	Jigger!.....	Mum.
FORBES PARKHILL....	Doc.....	War(r).....	Hysterics.....	Cut it out!.....	Foolish.
GEORGE PATTERSON...	Pat.....	Quaker.....	Girls.....	Goodness!.....	Spruce (?)..
LOUIS PAULICHECK....	Runt.....	Pitchin'.....	Athleticitis.....	Nix it!.....	Stringy.
MARGUERITE PECK....	Peggy.....	Talking.....	Talking.....	Be Jabers!.....	Subdued.
FRED PELTON.....	Rastus.....	Pedestrian.....	Drowning.....	Cut it out!.....	Weighty.
WALLACE PETERSON...	Pete.....	Presbyterian.....	Blushing.....	Oh, do tell!.....	Red.
PEARL PIERCE.....	Pearlie.....	Freidenker.....	Old Maid.....	You're a jewel!.....	Criminal.
WILLIAM RAUKOHL....	Shakespeare II.....	Somnambulist.....	Suspended Animation..	Oh, Piffle!.....	Sleepy.
ROBERT REEVES.....	Apollo.....	Oratin'.....	Knowledge.....	Stop it!.....	Fussed.
HATTIE RICHARDS....	Hat.....	Chimmy.....	Winking.....	Wow!.....	Glasses.
EMIL RICKEL.....	Rickey.....	Silence.....	Drowsing.....	Got me.....	Embalmed.
CARROLL SHINN.....	Cu-coo.....	Marjorie.....	Flirting.....	Oh, Cuckoo!.....	Prim.
CARL SODERSTROM....	Soapy.....	Tin Soldier.....	Can't be Killed.....	Leggo my hair!.....	Bushman.
RALPH SMITH.....	Schmitty.....	Uniformist.....	Sham Battle.....	That's the limit!.....	Pill.
MARY SORAN.....	Missing.....	Virgil.....	Heart Stoppage.....	Aw, Rats!.....	Sparkling.
ETHEL STEWART.....	Stew.....	Cooking.....	XII English.....	Ha! Ha!.....	Bright-eyed.
EDWIN STILLWELL....	Eddy.....	Y. M. C. A.....	Trying to Grow.....	Mamma!.....	Foreshortened.
GRACE SWALLOW.....	Third (Charity).....	Basket Ball.....	B. B. Shot.....	Do tell!.....	Model.
WILLIAM TAYLOR.....	Bill.....	Clothes.....	Somethin' Foolish.....	Gosh Darn It!.....	Crazy.
CONSTANCE TEAGUE...	Conny.....	Perpetual Motion.....	Subliming.....	Say, listen here!.....	Fluffy.
ELSIE THOREAU.....	Kiddo.....	Sewing.....	Dreaming.....	Gracious Peter!.....	Pleasant.
CAROLINE TIMPTE....	Carrie.....	Hair Dressing.....	Giggling.....	Goodness Me!.....	Well rounded.
HARRY ULMER.....	Fuzzy.....	Dancing.....	Love for a Lass.....	General Profanity.....	Bored.
WILFRED VAN STONE..	Dittie.....	Modesty.....	Self Adornment.....	By Jove!.....	Stunning.
WM. WAHRENBERGER..	Bill.....	Cannonism.....	Stage Fright.....	Nifty.....	Hypochondriacal.
HAZEL WALLACK.....	Slivers.....	The Stage.....	Shock.....	Really?.....	Fairylike.
FREDA WEISS.....	Weiss Nicht.....	Suffragette.....	Being Good.....	Tell me.....	Dark-haired.
OSCAR WIKOFF.....	Wyke.....	Sporting.....	Strike.....	Thwarted!.....	Batty.
ELLA WILSON.....	El.....	Looking Pleasant.....	Cannibals.....	I don't see—.....	Calm.
RUTH WINCHEL.....	Rufus.....	Cooking.....	Heart Disease.....	O, Poodle Dog!.....	Downcast.
HENRY C. YAEGER.....	Hal.....	Miss Batione.....	Teasing Girls.....	That's Punk!.....	Innocent.
EDMUND YAEGER.....	Ned.....	Bein' Worked.....	Decrepitation.....	Squelched!.....	Tailor-made.

Letters of a Crush

From a girl to her teacher:

Dear Miss —————

I wonder what you will think when you read this letter? I suppose you will think I am crazy, but O, if you could only understand!

I don't know why I should expect you to care for me the least little bit, for you have so many, many other friends, and to you I am only a silly little girl.

You think in a little while I will forget all about it, but I know I won't, and I don't want to. If I knew I had just one little speck of your friendship and that you cared the tiniest particle, I would be the happiest person on earth.

From one who loves you with all her heart.

My Dear Miss —————

Did you think I was acting sulky to-day? Please don't. I didn't want to seem that way but Oh, why, why are you so cool and distant?

Sometimes when I look into your eyes, you seem to be disgusted. Are you? Or is there just a little love in your heart for me?

I don't want to be a bother to you, and if I am, won't you please tell me? I want you to love me, but if you can't, say so; it wouldn't hurt half as much now as it would if I went on letting my love grow for you, and then found it out at last.

With all the love possible, from

Your Foolish Little Girl.

My Dearest Miss —————

It is so hard to have to act so indifferent in class when I want you so badly and know that if I could only see you, everything would be all right.

It doesn't seem possible that you could love me so much, and when I see you so seldom out of class I begin to doubt it.

I know I shouldn't do that, dear, and I am positive of your love, but I do so long to see you alone.

This is what you might call selfish, but then I don't think I'm much to be blamed. Maybe (?) you can appreciate my feeling.

Write just a little note if you can, for every word helps, and, Oh, well——

From your own little girl,

“Isle of View.”

A Senior Alphabet

A is for Arthur, our great football star;
B is for Baker, liked by all, near and far,
And also for Becks, of them there are two;
Without them in basketball, what would we do?

C is for Collins, our yell-leader, loud,
And also for Craise, who follows the crowd.
D is for Dodge, and likewise Dumars,
In sports they are both our bright shining stars;

E is for Edward, all know him at Manual;
F is for Frost, who helped edit this Annual;
G is for Galbreath, a man of all trades;
H is for Hardin, who draws stunning maids;
I is for Irene, who always is quiet;
J is for Jensen, a freak—don't deny it!
K is for Knowles, the strongest of all,
And also for Kitching, who led at the ball;
L is for Lutz, who will march on to glory

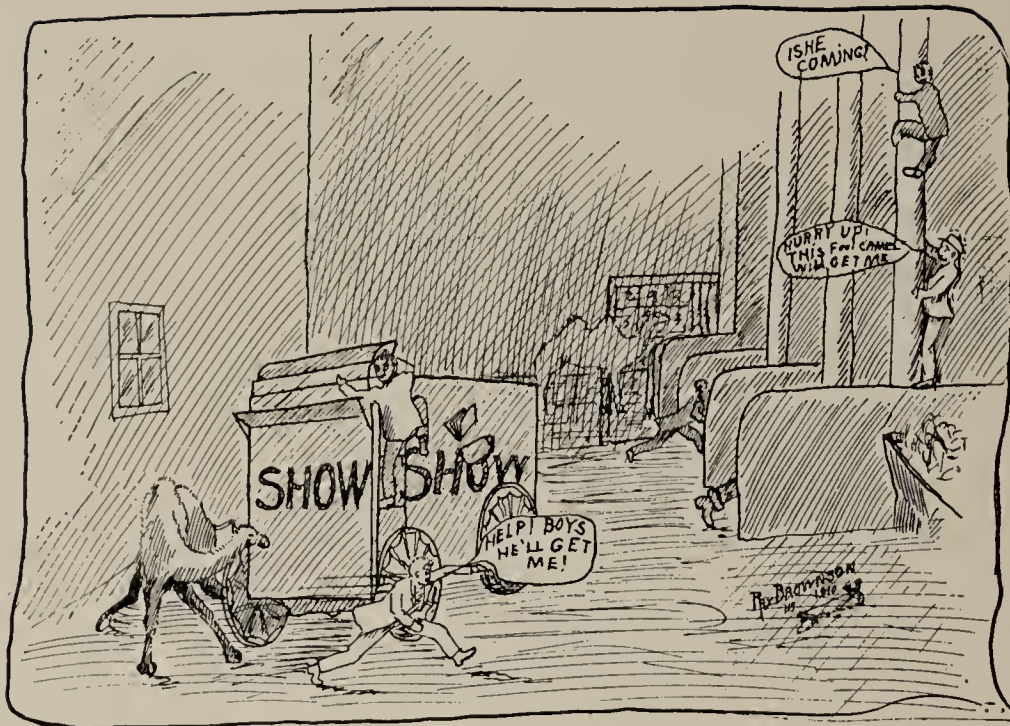
With our baseball heroes—you all know the story;

M is for Mills, mistakes she makes never;
N is for Nellie, jolly as ever;
O is for Oscar, a good athlete;
P is for “Poly” and also for “Pete”;
Q is for Query: “This poem, who wrote it?”
R is for Raukohl, who has yet failed to note it;
S is for Stillwell, none there is smaller,
T is for Tommy; he, too, might be taller;
U is for Ulmer, who likes any lass,
V is for Van Stone, a shark in the class.
W is for William, our Class President;
X is unknown; for whom is it meant?
Y is for Yaegers, good fellows, I guess,
Z is for Zeilman; I think he'd confess
That of all the people whom he has met,
None can beat those in this alphabet;
And if you wish to be great women and men,
Just follow the Class of 1910.

Manual in a Camel's Pen

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS

By H. BURNHAM STONE.



ACT I.

Scene—A large barn. Large sliding doors center, left and right. Left door opens into inside of park, right door to outside of park, and center door leads to camel's pen of Sells-Floto Circus.

Time—Afternoon of February 3, 1910.

(Enter, furtively, 15 or more Manual boys, who *should* be in school.)

First Boy—Nobody here. Shut the door, quick! Don't let all that bunch in.

(Several shut and wire the door.)

Second Boy—We never would get in with all that bunch!

Third Boy—Well, they can't get in now, and—we'd better get a gait on before somebody blows in and catches us.

(Look around for stableman, and seeing none, go to door on left. Boy looks out.)

Fourth Boy—Not a cop within half a mile, and a clear track to the grandstand.

(Enter, left 4 Stablemen.)

First Stableman—Where do you think you are going? Huh?

Third Boy—We're going right out.

(Tries to crowd past, and out the door.)

Second Stableman—Oh, no you don't! You go out the other door. Come along!

(Goes to other door, preceded by Boys. Second hides behind wagon, and first and third lag behind Stablemen.)

First Boy—We got to ditch some place.

(First and third hide in stall, and others unwire door and all but one, fourth, pass out.)

Fourth Boy—Say, we'd like to get out this way, and if we went on out the other door, we'd be all right. In case we got caught, why, you never saw us, and we'll make it worth your while to let us through.

(Reaches in pocket.)

How much, each?

(Others join in argument, and Stableman finally decides to let them in. First and third make a noise like a horse, and pull some hay up so they can't be seen. Others pay money and pass out the door on left, and first and third join the crowd, unnoticed by Stableman.)

Third Boy—It's a shame to beat the poor fellow out of a dime!

First Boy—That'll buy two packages of crisplets, and then, if your conscience hurts you, you can give me one of 'em.

First Stableman—Now, go out just a few at a time, and if a cop stops you, don't run. Tell him you were over here looking at the camels.

All—Where are the camels?

First Stableman—None of your business. You get on out of here as soon as you can!
(Three boys go out, and others watch.)

Fourth Boy—There is a cop watching them. Oh, look! He is coming over here. Let's ditch.

Second Boy—Where?

Third Boy—In the stalls!

Stableman—Here, you fellows go over to the other barn, and wait till he goes away.
(Leads the way out door at center, and boys excitedly follow.)
(Enter, left, a Cop, who looks around and sees second stableman.)

Cop—I saw some boys come out of here a minute ago.

Stableman—Yes, they came over here and wanted to see the camels, but we told them they couldn't.
(Exit Cop. Stableman reaches in pocket, jingles money, gets a can and exits left.)
(Curtain.)

ACT II.

Scene—A large barn. Large sliding doors center and right. Center door opens to barn in Act I, and right door to inside of park. Three Sells-Floto circus wagons standing around, also eight camels.

Time—Same afternoon.

(Enter Boys and Stableman.)

Stableman—Now, you stay here for a while. These camels won't hurt you.
(Exit center.)

Second Boy—Gee, what if those cops had caught us?

Third Boy—We wouldn't have had to pay earfare to town.
(Boys stand around and look at camels. First, second and third pet them. Fifth

looks seared. They talk of possibilities of riding them, etc.)

Fifth Boy (who has gone behind circus wagon)—! ! ! ! !
(Runs toward bunch, followed by one (1) camel.)

Bunch—! ! ! ? ? ? ! ! !

(All scatter and climb posts, etc., except first, second and third.)

Third Boy—Listen here, fellows: We won't run for three reasons, to wit: First, we don't want to run; second, we have no place to run to; (all the posts, etc., are full); third, if we do run, that fool camel will run after us and eat us sure.
(Other camels begin to show signs of life. First, second and third pet camels, and others, seeing camels are harmless, descend. Camel looks around. Boys see camel looking at them, and they run. Other camels join in, and exciting times follow, until all boys are up on circus wagons or some other safe place.)

All—Whew!

(Camels calm down, and fifth boy descends to get books dropped during first encounter. Goes behind wagon, and is discovered by camel. Displays great skill in keeping wagon between himself and the camel. Other camels too tired to join in the fun.)

Other Boys—Ha! ha! ha! (etc.)

Fifth Boy—Help, fellows! This — camel is going to get me sure!
(Camel gives him time to get on wagon. While others are interested, first and second exit, door, right. Third attempts to follow. Is discovered by camels. Has no place to run, and therefore doesn't.)

Third Boy—Hey! One of you fellows get down and run, so these camels can chase you. Be a hero, and let me get out.

All—Run yourself. He might catch us.

Fourth Boy—Yes, that blamed camel can run like a hydrant.
(Camel glances around, and third slips through door. Camel attempts to follow, but is hit on the nose by third. He pulls his head back and the doors are closed. Camels are rested, now, and are strolling around looking for trouble.)

Fifth Boy—How the diekens are we going to get out without those eamels eatching us?

Sixth Boy (looks at watch)—Paulhan is due to start in 5 minutes.

Seventh Boy—Wish he'd come around and carry us out.

All—So d' I.

Fourth Boy—Say! Why does a eamel?

Fifth Boy—Humph!

All (sing)—

We wish the eamels would go to—sleep,
We wish the eamels would go to—sleep,
We wish the eamels would go to—sleep,
So we could get down and go out.

(Enter Cop at right. He closes door and starts for wagon with boys on it.)

Cop—Well, I guess I've got you now.

(Camels see Cop running toward wagon.)

(Curtain.)

Note—The audienee should use its imagination between Acts II and III.

ACT III.

Scene—Same as Aet II.

Time—9 p. m., same day.

(A crowd of boys is discovered on one circus wagon, and a cop on another, nearer the door. Camels still awake and joyful. Cop has a peeved expression. Boys look hungry, but hopeful.)

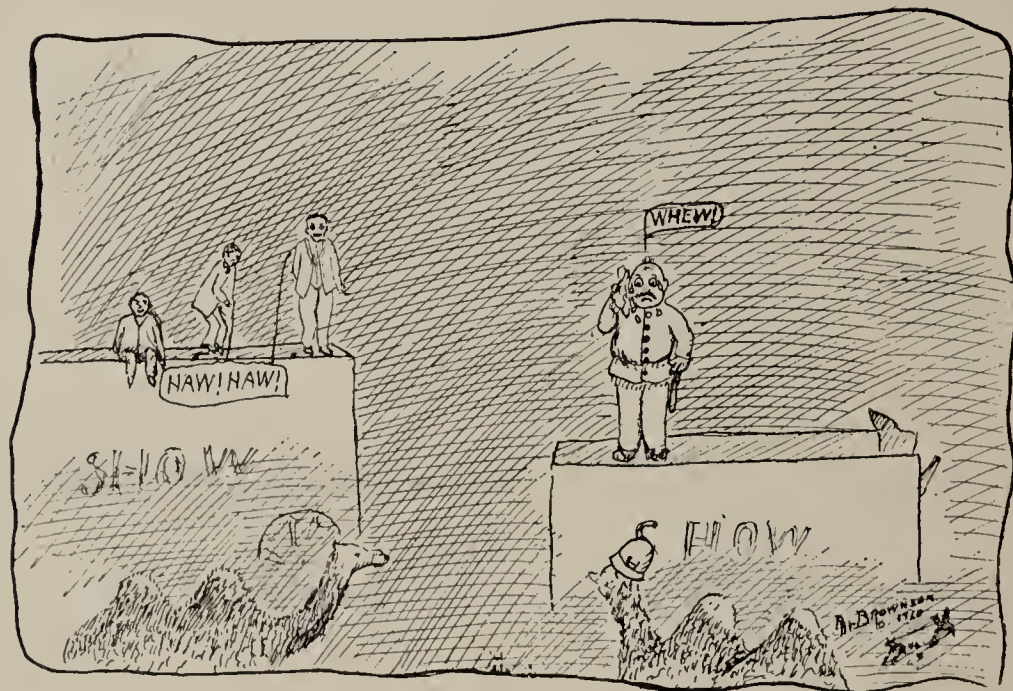
Fifth Boy—I've heard that a eamel can go seven days without sleep, and if that is the case, we—

All—Aw, shut up!

(Sing)—

We won't go to school in the morning,
We won't go to school in the morning,
We won't go to school in the morning,
If we don't get out pretty soon!

(Curtain.)



The Pit of Death

OLIVER W. HALL.

Last summer, on my trip to the southern part of the state, I was riding along the regular road which followed the railroad, when I saw a well-defined although overgrown trail leading up to the steep granite walls of the mountains at my left. I could see no possible terminus for the trail, and through curiosity more than anything else I turned into it. For a while the path wound in and out between large boulders, and then it climbed over the weatherbeaten drift of wind-packed sand, directly towards the granite walls.

As I neared the cliff, I perceived that there was a small cleft in the solid wall, so cleverly hidden behind a large rock that no one would know of its existence from the road. I here leaned my motor against the rock, and proceeded on foot. My curiosity was excited by the peculiar path going up the cleft and showing signs of not having been used lately. After climbing up a steep, rocky incline for about two hundred yards, I came to a place where a boulder blocked the narrow defile. But making my way around and up one side, I looked over. What a sight met my eyes! Below me was a small circular enlargement in the cleft, such as to form a natural pit one hundred feet or so in diameter, and walled in on all sides by perpendicular masses of rock; the only access, the path over which I had come.

In the center of the place were a number of skeletons of horses, dogs and men. Off at one side was a single human skeleton. I could see at once that there was no way of descending the inner side of the rock which blocked the path. Running back to my machine, I got a rope which I had along with me, and returning, hitched one end to a point on the rock, and then carefully testing the rope and seeing that it ran over no places which would chafe it, I lowered myself to the floor of the cavity and then made my way to the collection of bones in the center. I immediately noticed that in the forehead of each man was a small round hole, such as would be made by a bullet. The saddles and harness of the animals were rotting away. Beside each man

was an old cartridge belt and an army earbine.

It was plain that these men had been murdered. Wonderingly I walked over to the lone skeleton to one side. He also had a hole in his forehead. A single rifle lay beside him, and alongside a rusty dagger and cartridge belt. I casually noticed that one arm and its index finger were unnaturally pointed towards a small stone. I walked over to it, and lifting it, found a notebook in a fair state of preservation. I seized it eagerly, opening it carefully.

The first few pages contained minor accounts and expenses. Passing these over, I at last came to the following paragraph:

“Well, we have been in here a whole week of scorching days, and see no possible chance of escape. We cannot scale the side of the overhanging rock which blocks us in here. All of the horses have been killed and eaten, and our water ran out yesterday. I can see the rest of the poor fellows vainly seeking a wisp of shade in this living furnace.

“I cannot stand it any longer. I would rather die quickly by a timely bullet than by a slow, lingering death by starvation. A horrible idea crept into my brain. Why not be merciful and deliver these men from their torture chamber? I loaded my rifle, and with a trembling hand, shot down each man where he lay. Ah! They never suffered the agony I suffered in the last few minutes. After killing the men, I gathered the bodies together as a sort of last ritual to their earthly abodes, and now I shall hide this notebook under a nearby rock with the hope that some day someone shall find it and learn our history. All will be over now in one sharp, painful moment.

“May I be forgiven for this horrible crime.

“Farewell forever,

A. L. C.”

As I sadly resumed my journey, the sun was just setting behind the distant hills and the long shadows began to creep out over the quiet valley. It seemed a fit ending for such a tragedy.

Derivations

Albert: (Lat.) *Aliqui*, some, and (Ger.) *beredt*, eloquent—Some talker.
 Berkowitz: (Iceland) *Bera*, a bear, and *witzig*, wise—A trained bear.
 Bernice: (Iceland) *Berg*, iceberg, and (Eng.) *nice*—Nice, but chilly.
 Carroll: (Eng.) *Carol*—A sweet song.
 Claude: (Saxon) *Clod*—Dirt.
 Cokayne: Prefix *co*, and (Heb.) *Cain*—Partner of Cain.
 Collins: (Lat.) *Collis*, a steep hill—Therefore up in the world.
 Gottstein: (Danish) *Golt*, gold, and *stein*, stone or brick—A gold brick.
 Howland: (Scot.) *How*, a glen—A green spot.
 James: (Plural of Eng.) *jam*—Something soft.
 Jefferay: (Ger.) *Je*, always, and (Eng.) *fray*, scrap—Always scrapping.
 Kerr: (Eng.) *Cur*—A friendly dog.
 Koller: (Dutch) *Cruller*—Something good to eat.
 Louis: (Lat.) *Leun*, loony, and *is*, to be—To be silly.
 Lela: (Eng.) *Lemon*, and *large*—A big lemon.
 Malins: (Greek) *Mele*, honey, and (French) *lina*, smear—Sugar coated.

Marguerite: (French) *Merville*, marvel, and (Lat.) *gurgulio*, throat, and *rite*, custom, use—A wonderful use of her talking apparatus.
 Martha: (Lat.) *Mar*, war, and (Saxon) *Thor*, a god—A war god.
 Neva: (Lat.) *Ne*, not, and *various*, changing—Constant.
 Ornauer: (Lat.) *Orno*, adorn, and *auris*, ear—Having beautiful ears.
 Oscar: (Lat.) *Os*, mouth, and *carus*, dear—A sweet smile.
 Paulieheck: (Lat.) *Paucius*, a few, and *checko*, stop—Stopped growing a few days ago.
 Raukohl: (Scot.) *Raucle*, harsh, and *kralen*, sea monster—A cruel monster.
 Riekel: (Assyrian) *Rice*, king, and (Iceland) *kolla*, kill—An anarhist.
 Shugren: (Eng.) *Shoo*, frightened, and *grain*, eorn—A seareerow.
 Timpote: (Lat.) *Tempote*, tempt, and *te*, you—She tempts you.
 Virginia: (Lat.) *Vir*, a man, and *reginia*, queen—Queen of a man's heart.
 William: (Lat.) *Wile*, cunning, and *lian*, speak—A cute talker.

Freshman Poem

How dear to my heart are the scenes of old
 Manual,
 When thoughts of my first year now loom
 into view;
 The Latin, the English, the deep tangled prob-
 lems,
 Design and the Modeling, where clay pieces
 flew.
 We pupils sought wisdom and sometimes drew
 nigh it;
 More wonderful stories than histories tell
 Were called for, rejected, and again told to
 "try it";
 We pouted; then blessed that dear closing-
 time bell.
 Mechanical, Freehand, we hailed as a trea-
 sure,
 Though often at dark we went home from
 the field,
 And at last we received, to our exquisite
 pleasure,

"C-", the fruit which our labor did yield.
 The plates, how we seized them with hands
 that were glowing,
 Then quick to the waste-paper basket they
 fell,
 And hot with the anger of youth overflowing,
 The depths of our fury no language can
 tell.
 How sweet is an "A," though we seldom re-
 ceive it;
 We work, and expect, but they usually
 slip,
 And a full-blushing "D" nearly tempts us to
 beat it,
 Back to the woods, education let rip.
 And now far removed from the loved habita-
 tion,
 A tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to our first initiation,
 And sighs for the school that we all love
 so well.

HELEN A. DURBIN, '13.



MIGHT SLAP HIM, TOO.

Mama—Come, Willie, give your new governess a kiss!

Willie (who sees everything that goes on)—I don't want too; I'm afraid.

Mama—Afraid! Of what are you afraid, child?

Willie—Why, she slapped papa when he kissed her!

SAMUEL KNEW.

Mrs. C. was showing a visitor a new hat tree she had recently purchased, when little Samuel came in, and neglected to remove his hat. Thinking to teach him a lesson, she said:

"Samuel, what did I buy that hat tree for?"

"For \$1.98," answered Samuel, promptly; "But you said I wasn't to tell anyone."

THE PLACE FOR IT.

An old Scotch woman was advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon. She answered briskly:

"Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

"Oh, yes," said the pilot on the river steamboat, "I have been on this river so long I know where every stump is." Just then, with a jar, the boat struck a stump. "There! That's one of them, now!" he continued.

Some one asked Farmer Jones how many pigs he had. He replied that when he counted them there were nine, and the other ran around so much he could not count it.

The survivor of a shipwreck thought he would not frighten his relatives at home, so he telegraphed a friend in the same city to the effect that he had not been drowned. The telegram read: "Ship gone down, but, thank God! I am alive. Break the news gently to my wife."

"I am afraid you are superstitious."

"'Deed I isn't!" said Mr. Erastus Pinkly. "Some folks is a-skyah't of ghosses an' all kin's of critters; but as long as I has a rabbit's paw in mah pocket, I feels puffickly safe."

Robert Reeves and Frank Williams had discovered a bear's den in a cave. Finding the mother bear away, they were in the act of helping themselves to a couple of cubs. Bob had gone in the cave; suddenly, the light growing dim, he called: "What darkens the hole?" Frank replied, between whiles: "If her tail breaks, you will find out what darkens the hole!"

Franeis, during the Franklin Play rehearsal, was suddenly taken with stage fright, and said: "I have great presence of mind, but I haven't it with me."

Mrs. L.—James Davidson, spell "ferment," and give its meaning.

"F-e-r-m-e-n-t, 'ferment,' to work," replied James.

"Use it in a sentenee."

"In summer I would rather play ball than ferment in school."

APPRECIATION.

Miss Warnecke—You can't cheat me, man. I haven't ridden in cabs twenty-five years for nothing.

The Cabby—Haven't you, mum? Well, you have done your best.

Fred came running home from school.

"Oh mother!" he shouted, "I got a hundred!"

"Fred!" cried his delighted mother, and she hugged him and patted him, and gave him a dime.

"And what did you get a hundred in?" she asked.

"In two things," replied Fred. "I got forty in Math., and sixty in Chem."

"Who are you?" asked Mrs. Winton of Claude Beck.

"I am the baby's brother," was the reply.

An Irishman, walking along near Fort Wadsworth late one afternoon heard the usual sundown gun. He asked a small boy what the noise was. The boy said that it was sundown. The first replied as follows: "Many a time it went down in the old country, and I never heard it make a noise like that!"

Hal—Frank has been suffering with a horrible toothache.

Pete—Why don't he have it pulled?

Hal—Frank says that if the tooth can stand it, so can he.

Ed.—Do you know, I have never seen you in white?

Vir.—Why, are you partial to that color?

Ed.—Not especially, only whenever I see a girl in white, I am tempted to kiss her.

Vir.—Will you excuse me for a quarter of an hour?

Scene—A hay loft. Three of a country fire brigade just arrived in answer to an alarm.

First (looking for the fire)—I can't see anything of the fire, Cap.

Captain—Well, why don't you light a match and look for it, instead of poking around in the dark?

AT THE EAST DENVER-MANUAL FOOTBALL GAME.

A Lady (speaking to Mr. B—— (knowing that he was an E. D. graduate)—Where is your heart to-day, Mr. B——?

Mr. B—— (turning to Miss. H——, smiling, and turning back)—It is in the right place.

Miss Warr—Have you read the "Vicar of Wakefield?"

Luther—"No."

"Have you read 'Bowenlf'?"

"No."

"Well, what have you read?"

"Why, I have read—ur—um—"

"Read what?"

"Red hair!"

The advertising manager left school and went into the patent medicine business. To the pastor of a poor church, he offered a set of new hymn-books, provided he might insert his advertisement. The preacher gladly consented, but when they arrived he could not find the ad. When, on Easter morning, he announced the hymn No. 35, a smile went round. The hymn read as follows:

"Hark! The herald angels sing,
Hersey's pills are just the thing;
Peace on earth, and mercy, mild,
Two for men, and one for child.

Court trials have been held in the Commercial Law Class. During the summing up of the evidence, Lawyer Riekel said:

"If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung, or if it should have been rang, or if the cow had been blown as it should have been blew, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Josephine, impatiently, "I am sure we missed the opening number. We waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," replied Howard, rather crossly.

"Ours! Oh, Howard!" she cried, and laid her blushing cheek on his shirt front.

JUST WHAT HE ORDERED.

"I thought I ordered quail," said Henry Kerr.

"Dat's quail, suh!" replied the waiter.

"Quail nothing! That's chicken."

"It was ehicken, suh, bnt it seed me a-comin."

"What has that to do with it?"

"De sight of a eullud pusson always makes a chicken *quail*, suh."

Helen Cuno was spending a few days in the country. One evening she heard a cow gently lowing. "Oh, hear the dear cow mew-ing to its colt!" she said.

Burnham—Mrs. Leigh, wasn't it Solomon who had seven hundred wives?

Mrs. Leigh—He had a great many—one thousand, I think.

Burnham—Well, wasn't he the fellow who said, "Give me liberty, or give me death"?

The orator, Bob Harris, opened his remarks with these words: "I smell a rat! I see it floating in the air! I must nip it in the bud!"

Mr. Triplet (discussing dry farming in the Geology Class)—How do they raise potatoes on a dry farm?

Clark—Plant onions between the rows, and the potatoes' eyes will water and irrigate the patch.

John Wesley once asked a small boy, where he was dining, this question:

"Well, my little boy, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

the boy, "I am going to be a preacher. There are always such good dinners when the preachers come."

AT THE LUNCH COUNTER.

"I'm sorry that the soup is all exhausted."

Maeomber—I am not surprised. It has been very weak for some time.

Mother—Why, Bobbie, what do you mean by making the baby eat that yeast cake?

Bobbie H.—He swallowed my fifty-cent piece, and I'm trying to raise the dough.

OBEYED THE ALARM.

Bob Craise—Where you goin' in such a rush?

Thos. French (on the run)—Fire alarm!

B. C.—Where?

T. F.—Boss said he'd fire me if I wasn't back from this errand in ten minutes.

Burnham was learning to ride his horse, which was kicking rather freely. The horse finally got his hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, Burnham cried: "Well, by gum, if you're goin' to get on, I'll get off!"

They sat in the parlor—just the three:

He, the electric light, and she.

Two is company, three is a crowd,

That's why the electric light went out.

Mr. Kepner—Harry, who discovered hydrogen?

Harry U.—I'll bite; who did?

Susie Boot—What kind of a landscape do you prefer?

Theodosia (highly indignant) — Why, Parks, of course!

Walter M.—Gee, this thing of the boys taking the girls out to parties, danees and theaters seems to be on the wind nowadays.

Susie Boot—Well, then you had better get in the breeze!

Football is the game for eleven,

Baseball is the game for nine,

Hoekey is the game for seven,

But fussing is the game for mine.

When to History I go,

A little prayer I utter low;

I say, in accents soft and deep,

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Teacher — Fools often ask questions that wise men cannot answer.

E. Bourke—I guess that's why I flunked that History test.

Lives there a pupil with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said:

"I don't deserve this 'D' so red?"

JUST AFTER GRACE'S ACCIDENT.

Francis—Did you ever see crutches taking a vacation?

Ray—No; what are you giving us?

Francis—Well, I just saw two taking a Holiday.

Old Gentleman—What branch of education does your teacher prefer?

E. Heatley—He doesn't use one; he just takes a ruler.

A country youth walking along the street of a city came to a wooden barricade. He asked a workman what it was for. Jokingly he replied it was to keep the measles from spreading.

"Ah!" replied the youth. "I have often heard of the Board of Health, but I have never seen it before."

Skineh (to Ryotaro Nakano)—Say, Ryo, do you have Rice for anything?

Ryo (after a few minutes of deep thinking)—Every morning for breakfast.

Mrs. Leigh—Irwin, if you both pity and admire a woman, what do you do?

Wallace (quickly)—Marry her.

Mrs. Leigh—Is it possible for a man and his wife to live together year after year and not know each other?

Virginia (emphatically)—Yes, Mrs. Leigh. (We wonder how she knew.)

Love is said to be blind. Discovered in Chemical Lab., also, love cannot smell.

Proof—Gertrude H. and John F. spent about fifteen minutes in front of the H₂S generator and seemed to be enjoying themselves.

An old colored woman who was seeking a position as a family nurse, thought to recommend herself in this fashion:

"Why," she said, "I was nurse to George Washington, I was!"

The would-be employer told her kindly that George was dead before she was born.

"Lands' sakes!" she said. "How time do fly!"

Mrs. Winton—Clarenee, why are you late?

C.—Oh, my grandmother's dead, house got afire last night, thieves broke in, breakfast was late 'cause—'cause the chimney smoked—

Mrs. W.—I'll excuse you.

"Generally speaking, the Manual girls are—"

"Yes, they are."

"Are what?"

"Generally speaking."

Mr. Sissons stammered outrageously. Especially difficult to him was the pronunciation of his own name. He had the misfortune to stay out late and uproariously one night, and to account for it to the magistrate at the police court next morning.

"What is your name?" asked Justice McGowan.

Sissons began his reply.

"SSs-ss-sss-sss-siss——"

"Stop that noise, and tell me what is your name?" said the judge, impatiently.

"Siss-ss-ss-sss-iss——"

"That will do!" said his honor, severely. "Officer, what is that man charged with?"

"I think, your Honor, he's charged with sody-water."

Little boy; trolley car; didn't see it; "gates ajar."

Little boy; banana stand; ate too many; "Happy Land."

Definition of "Strategy" given by Cadet Soderstrom—It is not to let the enemy know it when you are in battle and your ammunition gives out, but to keep right on firing.

Pretty Teacher—Now, John Flach, can you give an example of what is meant by a miracle?

John Flach—Yes, teacher. Mother says if you don't marry the new parson it will be a miracle.

Teacher—You may sit down.

Editor—These jokes are the rottenest lot that ever came into this office. Every one of them is a chestnut.

Pearl Pierce (faintly)—I presume that's why you always roast them.

Love Is Sweet, But Oh, How Bitter!

MARTHA I. BAERRESEN.

The road wound up into the mountains, losing itself here and there, then appearing as a narrow strip farther up until, at last, it seemed to rise into the fleecy clouds.

The sweet, spicy essence of the pines was wafted faintly over Pine Tree Crest, which nestled in the heart of the valley.

In a clump of evergreens, a few rods from the house, an odd little figure lay sprawled. His bare, brown legs were working in the air as he wriggled like some burrowing animal. Suddenly he was reared from this strange position by a tug at his legs.

"Hey, Sonny! Committing suicide?"

Tommy gazed scornfully and indignantly at the young man who had dared to interrupt him.

"Commit suicide yourself, Mr. Gordon! Can't you leave a feller alone? I bet my eye teeth my gopher is gone!" and he applied his cheek once more to the wet earth.

Jack Gordon subsided at this snub from His Highness. He seated himself patiently on a log, watching with interest the gymnastic performance of Tommy Burns.

"Why don't you drown him out?" he ventured, after a while.

Tommy Burns did not deign to reply, but suddenly his strugglings reached a climax. When he regained his normal position, he was truly a son of the sod, beaming with dirt and triumph.

He dragged into view a skinny, abused-looking gopher, and clapped him into a box. As he cocked one eye at the half-dead animal, he said:

"Gee! Didn't Ann run when Bigee got loose in the dining room this morning!"

"Ann! Where is she, Tommy?" Jack asked, eagerly.

"Her and him went fishin'," was Tommy's enlightening answer.

"Who?"

Tommy was certainly blessed with an exasperating slowness!

"Sis and Ned Ford, of course," answered Tommy, surprised at such ignorance.

"Ned Ford, that—" he stopped, for Tommy was gazing at him in bewilderment.

"How long's he been here?"

"About two days."

Jaek gave a whistle. "Time I was on the field of battle, all right!"

"Tommy, you know that fishing-pole of mine? Well, you know it's a dandy. If you will invite Ned to go fishing tomorrow, it's yours."

"Aw! Quit your kiddin'!"

"Straight goods, Tommy. Come around tomorrow, and the landlord will give it to you. I'll leave it out before—"

"Well," Tommy answered with a great show of indifference, "course it's kinder hard to manage, for Mr. Ford promised me a rifle to take you hunting tomorrow. But I allus kinder cottoned to you, so I'll first invite him to go. Say, I'll give you a tip. That's a dandy toad-stabber! What was it Sis was goin' to do tomorrow? I've clean forgot."

Jaek took out his "toad-stabber," opened it to show its internal workings, holding it enticingly before Tommy's eyes.

"Sis is goin' to town on the 5:30 train tomorrow." He seized the knife, picked up his box, and was off like a shot, his bare legs twinkling as he vanished out of sight between the evergreens.

That night he visited the enemy's camp. Ned Ford was the poorer for a rifle, but thought it was worth it.

Jaek gloated over his good fortune, for surely Ann must answer him tomorrow. There was a long, weary ride to town, and who could tell what the day might bring forth?

It was about six o'clock. The quiet of evening was stealing over the valley, bidding the flowers, trees and man to rest. The last rays of the setting sun shone over the mountains, outlining the peaks in golden fire. From a nearby evergreen sounded a lispingsong, thread-like, ceased, then began again, this time in such an outburst of happiness that it flooded the valley.

A dainty figure in pink paused at the crest of the hill, fearful of moving and breaking the magic of the blue-bird's song. From be-

hind came a cheery whistle and an eager "Good evening, Ann!"

She was glad to see him, he thought, as she turned to him with a warm welcome.

"Why, Jack Gordon, where did you come from?"

He cheerfully fibbed.

"Boss thought I needed a vacation. Ann," he began huskily. Just then the bushes on the right parted, and Ned Ford stepped forth. Jack subsided, but with the thought, "Wait till tomorrow."

He left word with the officious landlord to waken him at four. Sometime in the middle of the night a stentorian voice announced that it was four-thirty, and he'd have to hurry. As Jack leaped to his feet, he was not in the most blissful mood. The inn-keeper, however, had wisdom born of long experience, and was safely out of earshot before Jack was awake enough to use his lungs.

It was exactly five when Jack left the inn and ran down the road. He paused a moment outside to recover his breath, uttering a prayer of thankfulness as he caught sight of a demure little figure clad in a blue traveling suit.

"Why, Jack!" she cried, with a dismayed little laugh, "How did you know?"

"Tommy told me."

"The wretch!"

"Goodness! Here's Ned!"

Jack and Ned and Ann were so dazed at the turn events had taken that they did not heed the slamming of the station door. But a big, cheery voice brought them to their senses. "Well, Ann! Thought we'd given them all the slip! But say, old fellows, that's mighty nice of you to come and see us off! You can keep the rice."

At that instant a clang of the waiting train filled the station. As the capable young man seized the suit-cases, he called out:

"Come and see us when we're settled!"

The silence remained unbroken long after the train pulled out. Then a thin, piping voice spoke up.

"Hello!"

Turning, they saw Tommy, a fish-pole over one shoulder, a huge basket under his arm.

"Tommy," Jack said slowly, "I believe we're fools!"

"Well, you're not far from it," was Tommy's consoling answer. "You sure must have soap bubbles in your brain, to make such a fuss to see a girl off on her honeymoon. Say, this fishing-pole's some class. Bob and I're goin' fishing. So long!"

"So long!" they answered, then silently watched the odd little figure trot slowly up the Eastern sky, then drop quickly below the crest.

The Girls' Reading Contest

Much the most worth while of all the contests at Manual, from the standpoint of the value of the prize, is the Morey Reading Contest for the girls. No medal or cup can possess so much real value nor as great a power to please as does the fine set of books that Mr. Morey gives each year to the winner of this contest.

Mr. Morey has always been a most generous patron of this school, and he could not have instituted a finer contest nor provided a better trophy than he has given to the girls. The object is not to make elocutionists of them, but to encourage simple, clear and appreciative sight reading. All who listened to

this year's contest felt that, in a large measure this had been accomplished. The twelve girls chosen from the different classes in a preliminary meet, read in a most delightful manner. The matter read was previously unknown to the girls. The contest was very even, but the audience enthusiastically approved when the prize was awarded to Mary C. Frost, a Senior. Her reading had been so entirely unaffected, so clear and strong and sympathetic, that she well deserved the honor.

The members of the Class of '10 were especially proud of her victory, as it made the second time that a girl in their class had won this honor.

The Old Yellow Faucet

How dear to my heart are the scenes of the
morning,

When bright recollection comes bumping
along,

And shows me the places that most suit my
faney,

And made of my life one sweet glad liquid
song.

But now all is different; I can't help but think
And I sigh for the faucet just over the sink.

Chorus—

The faueet, the faucet, the old yellow faucet,
The old yellow faucet just over the sink.

In history how often with dear teacher talking
About the old boys who are dry as their
dust,

With dates good and plenty, that set my brain
whirling,

With a fifty-foot word list and the demon,
“You Must!”

From the drought of his speech would my
parehing heart shrink,
And I sigh for the faucet just over the sink.

Chorus—

The faueet, the faucet, etc.

Then in English I famish for a drink of cold
water,

A tear of regret “would intrusively swell,”
But ere it could fall 'twould be burnt to a
powder,

And I sigh for a sprinkler—it would do
mighty well;
But I fear I'd go mad with the joy, could I
drink
From that darling old faucet just over the
sink.

Chorus—

The faueet, the faucet, etc.

For two solid hours E. & M. will be pumping
Into my hot, overcharged, poor brain,
Dry Batteries and Dynamos are both of a wet-
ness,

And to a vision like mine is, they both look
the same.

'Tis the chasm of knowledge, and I pause on
the brink,

To long for that faucet just over the sink.

Chorus—

The faueet, the faucet, etc.

Oh lunch hour! I love thee! there's much good
in dining;

Thou'rt not quite so dry nor so long as
the rest,

But I sigh something awful for that which is
missing;

It's not for your evil, but the good you
suggest.

I drink and I drink, for it seems just a link
To that darling old faucet just over the sink.

Chorus—

The faueet, the faucet, etc.

The Chemistry shark may be in his glory,

But I'm not in the swim, don't care how I
try;

When teacher starts talking, I feel quite *an-*
hydride;

His speech for a week would make Cherry
Creek dry;

And then nearly tortured to death, I bethink
Of that darling old faucet just over the sink.

Chorus—

The faueet, the faucet, etc.

And then Mathematics—Oh, gracious! How
dry!

To work one such problem would take me a
week;

And then, what's the use? Were I asked to
recite it,

My throat is so parched I'm sure I can't
speak.

After a day of such dryness, I could almost
drink ink,

Till I think of the faucet just over the sink.

Chorus—

The faueet, the faucet, etc.

Manual Book Review

The Little Minister—Parsons. A logical and somewhat philosophical story. It deals largely with economy and preservation of resources.

On Raising Chickens—Henry. An essay which deals also with cookery and manners, and is enhanced by the charming love story which the author has thought fit to interweave.

The Path of Rectitude—Rhodes. A somewhat lengthy treatise which deals with everything connected with morals. Contains magnificent stump orations and political sermons. Explains a new "Utopia."

The Profitless Hunt—Shute. A book well worth reading, giving a search for beauty in a forge shop. It gives a graphic account of all the temptations that lie therein.

A Swimmer of Naples—Swan. A young swimmer, diver, boatman, of Naples, a magnificent singer, is attracted to a lovely American girl, who is moved by his beautiful voice. She aids him as he struggles for operatic recognition, when it develops that he is an American in disguise. She is angry, but finally marries him.

The Joys of Spring—Mahin. A very humorous story of the capers of a number of young people out for a good time. They are accompanied by a philosopher, who attempts to teach them the laws of nature and physics suggested by the beauties about them.

At Sign of Danger—Warner. It is a book written by a booster of athletics for girls, showing the many critical places where athletic girls are necessary, and showing the excellent results of a careful systematic training.

The Adopted Son—Foster. It is the story of a rich man's son who, becoming lost, is adopted by a printer, who teaches him the trade. Finally the father, attracted by the

beautiful work of the son, finds his boy, who becomes the foremost printer in the land.

Insatiable Greed—Mohr. A book of travels in Germany. It shows the author's comprehensive knowledge of the subject. A party of Americans, greedy for souvenirs and mementos, encounter a motley throng, who have a yearning for American money.

The Romance of a British Soldier—Atkins. A young student enlists, and, by his knowledge of mathematics, gains bloodless victories over his enemies. He has a natural distaste for the army, but is held by his love for the Colonel's daughter.

Conflict of Hearts—Warr. A charming narrative of the victory of the American heart over every other kind, which in this case happens to be English. The author has a delightful vocabulary, her various names for the young American child being especially choice.

Great Generals—Leigh. An analysis of the characters of the greatest of our military leaders. At times the author is pleasantly humorous; again she is bitingly sarcastic. A very good work.

The Theft of a Cup—Steele. A book to be read by all classes of athletes. It deals with a great track meet and a dishonest runner, but through it all runs an essay on the merits of work in track.

A White Flower—Millar. It is the story of a young and beautiful stenographer and bookkeeper, who rises above all obstacles and temptations, finally marrying the son of her employer.

The Boxer Uprising—Punchcon. The story of an engineer who loves a missionary's daughter. He goes to China for her, carries her through all the dangers of an uprising, and finally brings her to America. There he gets a position in a school. They marry and all is well. It is a tremendously exciting tale.

Latest Songs

"Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" with illustrated cover.

"Trust Her Not" for ten cents.

"I Would Not Always Live" without accompaniment.

"See the Conquering Hero Comes" with brass band.

"Home, Sweet Home" in A flat.

"A Little Fisher Maiden" in two parts.

Last Will and Testament

WE, THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1910, of the Manual Training High School, being of sound mind and in full possession of our Faculty, feeling that our days left here are but very few, do hereby declare this to be our Last Will and Testament.

After the payment of our just debts, we do hereby bequeath:

First—To Mrs. Leigh, one volume of “Diamond Diek,” slightly worn, also one complete set of puns.

Second—To Mr. William Borst, cooking laboratory and contents.

Third—To future inhabitants of Room 10, “The Seventh Hour.”

Fourth—To unfortunate, half-eyed Freshmen, Freehand.

Fifth—To Mrs. Pettit, one fireless roaster.

Sixth—To Mr. Rhodes, a few choice jokes left in the Annual Box.

Seventh—To Miss Atkins, a self-balanceing peneil.

Eighth—To Mr. Chas. Borst, a sewing machine and a steady job making pennants.

Ninth—Our ability to work hard when necessary, and to loaf industriously at all other times, shall be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for cash.

The proceeds of such sale shall be used in giving a decent burial to all ponies which have been worn out carrying us over the rough hard road to knowledge.

Tenth—For the benefit of all, we will leave the School.

Eleventh—Whatsoever may be left of our estate, we bequeath to Mr. Quinn, our dear friend and erstwhile guide and moral sponsor.

The Class of 1910.





WILLIAM RAUOHL



MERRITT BAKER



VIRGINIA HARDIN



WILFRED VAN STONE



MARY FROST



FORBES PARKHILL



GERALD COLLINS



LYNE SHACKELFORD



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We wish to express our gratitude—

To Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey, for letting us work in their store, and for many other kindnesses;

To Mr. Henderson and Mr. Kepner, for taking photographs;

To Miss Warr, Mrs. Leigh, and Mrs. Pettit, for securing and criticising contributions;

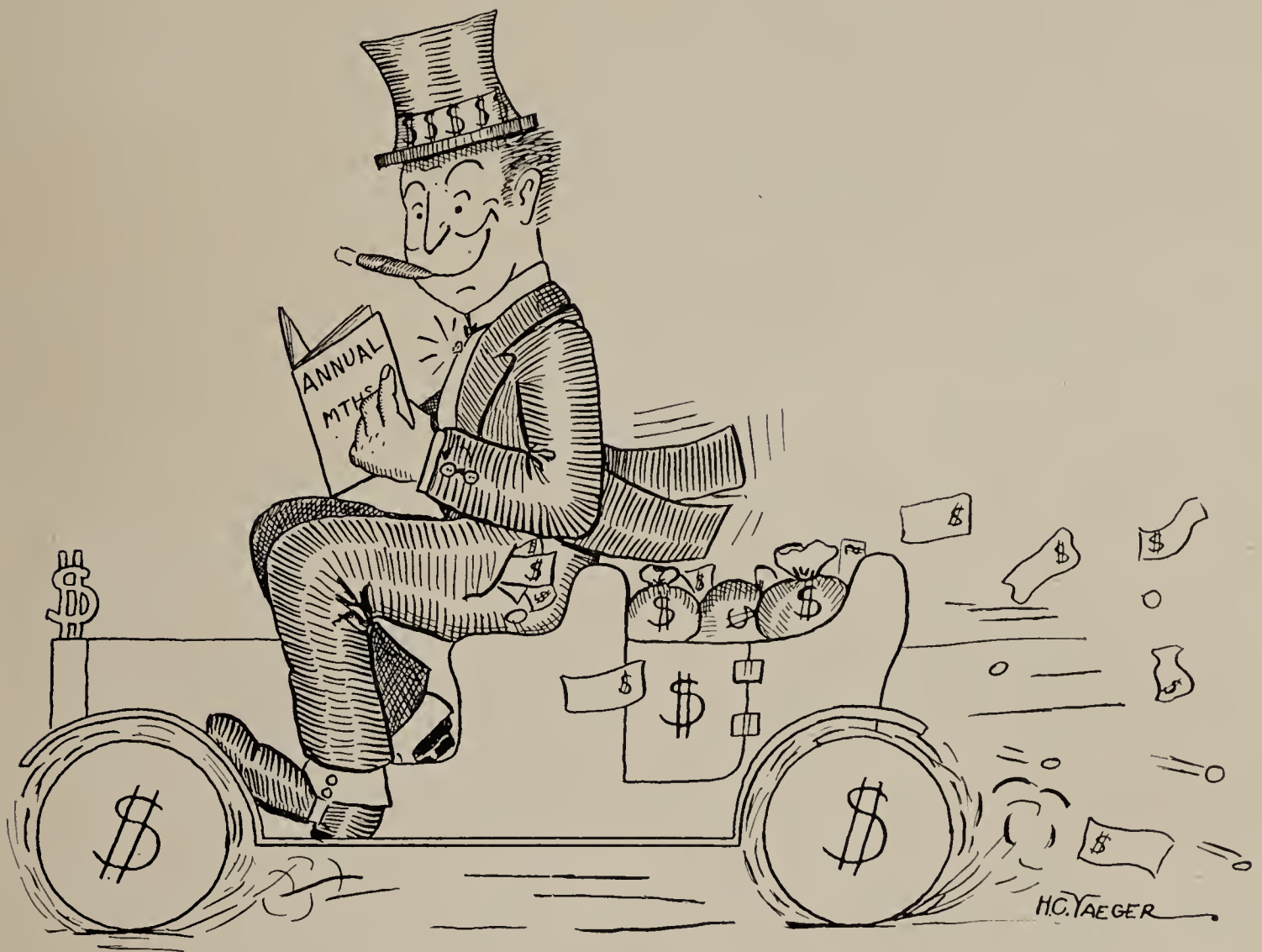
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Teacher—What is 'kiss'?

Luhr—A noun.

Teacher—Can it be declined?

Luhr—I don't know; I never declined one.

Emil (in restaurant)—Have you frogs' legs?

Waiter—No, sir; it's rheumatism.

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"The giraffe is a dumb animal, and cannot express itself by any sound, because its neck is so long that its voice gets tired on the way up."

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Miss B—— —Oh, class, do be quiet!

Luhr—This isn't nearly as bad as yesterday.

Miss B—— —No, this is heaven beside yesterday.

Luhr—What was yesterday beside to-day?

Mr. Borst— What do you do when you try to explain the general method of obtaining a tangent to a cross-section?

Bobby—Flunk.

At the Morey Play, Lela made a hit singing, "Where, Oh, Where Has My Poly-gon?"

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Miss Henry—Oh, Pearl, Pearl! What an awful numbskull you are! You have put the potatoes on the table with the skins on, right before the guests. You—you—what shall I call you?

Pearl (sweetly)—Call me “Louise” if you wish. It is my other name.

Burnham Stone and Mrs. Leigh saw a hen eating some carpet tacks in an alley behind the school.

“What do you suppose that hen is eating those tacks for?” asked Mrs. Leigh.

“Perhaps,” said Burnham, “she is going to lay a carpet.”

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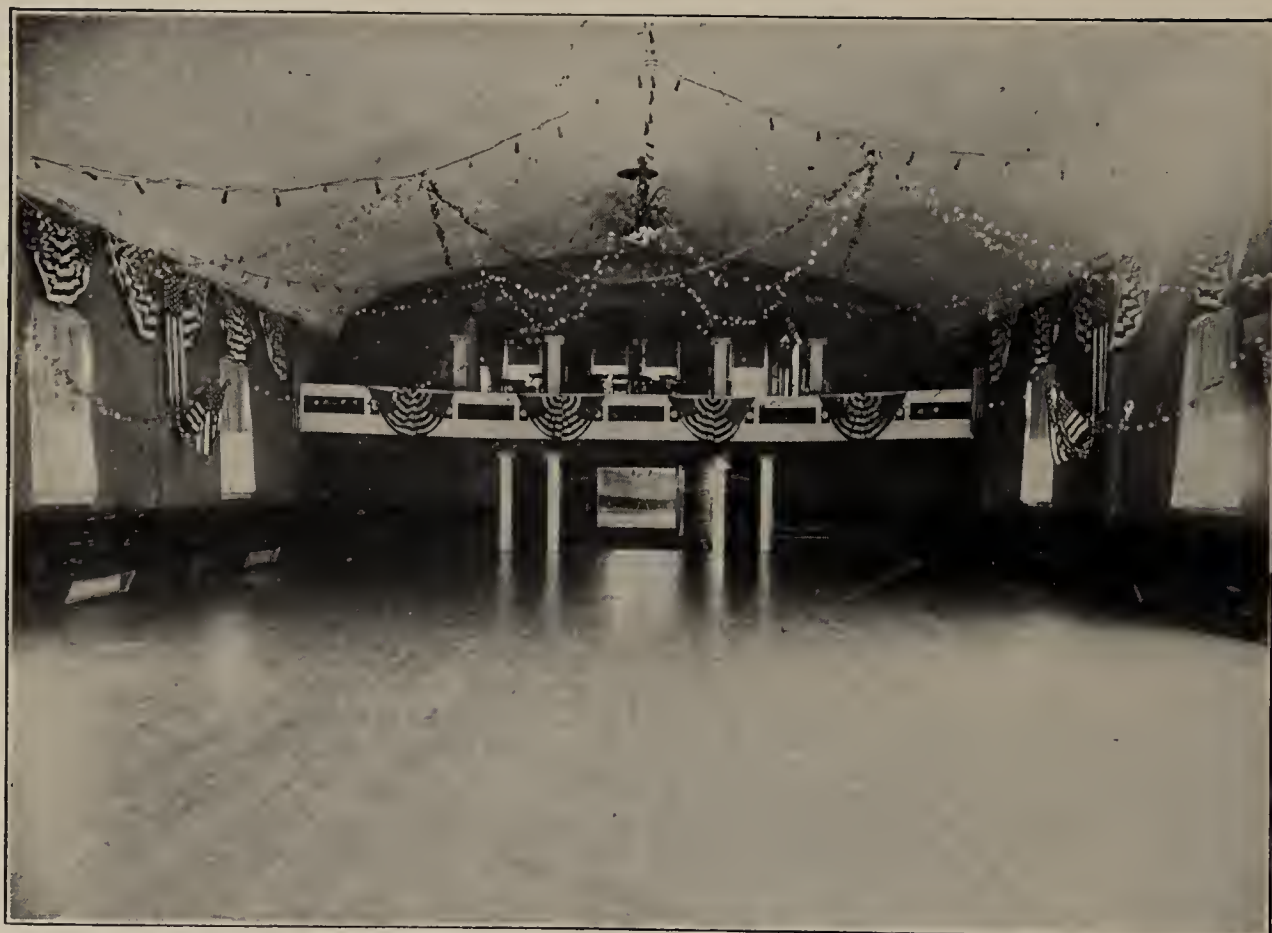
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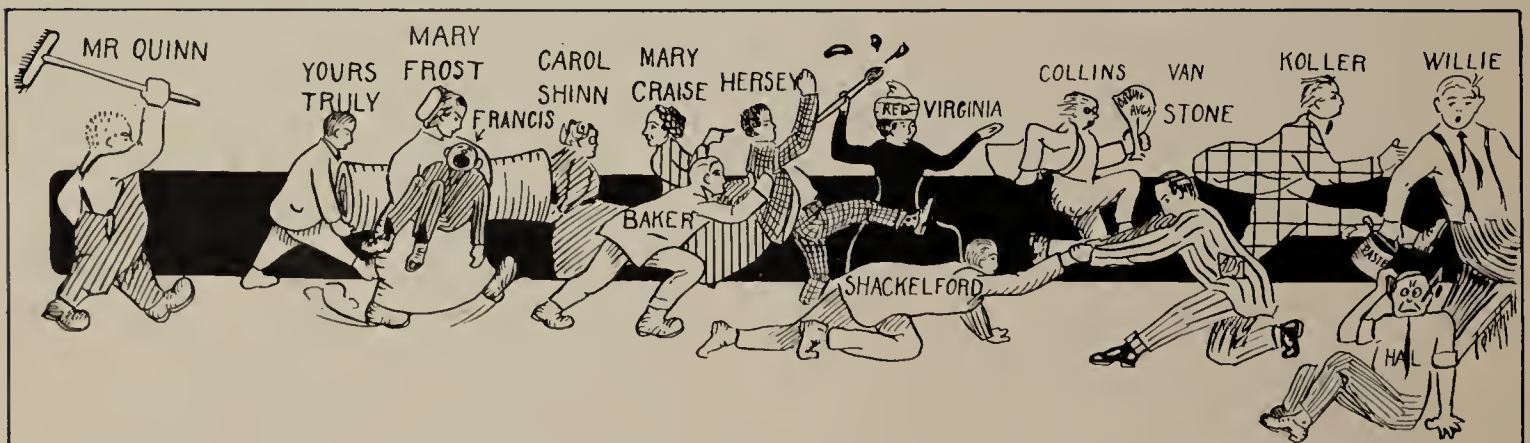
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